McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—$2.00 Per Year

VOL. LVI SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1919 NO 8

RANSOM BURDICK OLDEST MAN IN COUNTY IS DEAD.

Ransom Burdick, one of the oldest and most remarkable men in the State, who celebrated his 103 birthday anniversary January 16, died at the home of his son Elmer E. Burdick, of Norwich township, with whom he resided, Saturday evening at 9 o'clock. Death was due to the infirmities of his advanced age.

This aged gentleman had been rather active the day of his death, being up and about the room. Shortly before his death he told his son he "was going on a long journey and wanted his boots on." He made an effort to dress but soon lay down and passed peacefully away. Mr. Burdick suffered a severe attack of illness about six weeks ago but had apparently recovered to his usual health.

Ransom Burdick was the oldest son of Rowland and Alvira Wells Burdick. The father, a veteran of the war of 1812, with 9 other families moved from Chenango county, N. Y. in 1815, driving through with mules and wagons and started the first settlement at the head of Potato creek building the first tavern on the site where the Keystone chemical plant now stands.

In this tavern the subject of this sketch was born January 16, 1816, being the oldest of a family of 8 children 6 boys and two girls. Of this family six lived passed the age of eighty years. Chordis Burdick, a brother, still lives on the old homestead and celebrated his 88th birthday Dec. 1, 1918. One sister, Mrs. Emily Chapin of Weedsport, N. Y., also survives, having passed her 90th birthday Oct. 9, 1918. A half-brother Anson Burdick, of Smethport, also survives, being many years younger.

On September 21, 1837, Mr. Burdick was married to Lucinda Palmer, daughter of Capt. Williamm Palmer, a veteran of the war of 1812. To this union were born seven children, three of whom survive: Mrs. L. J. Gallup of Port Allegany, Chas. and Elmer of Norwich Corners.

Mr. Burdick was married twice, his first wife was burned to death Jan. 14, 1876. She was in the act of blowing out a lamp when it exploded, setting her clothing on fire. Before the husband, who was in bed could rush to her rescue and extinguish the flames by wrapping a quilt about her, she received burns, which resulted in her death soon after.

A few years later he was married again and moved to Auburn, N. Y., where he lived for about 17 years. The balance of his life outside of this was spent in the vicinity of his birthplace. During his younger days he was very active, having cleared two large farms, operated a saw mill and for a number of years conducted a tavern at Norwich Corners on the Emporium road. It was at this tavern where he entertained Gen. Kane and the intepid "Bucktails" when they marched from Smethport, where they organized, to Driftwood, where they embarked on rafts and floated down the Susquehanna to Harrisburg to enter the Civil war.

When a young man Mr. Burdick frequently made trips to Buffalo and other distant points by mule team for the purpose of hauling supplies. The trip to Buffalo required a week to cover the distance under normal condition. He was also engaged to a great extent in rafting. On one occasion he made a trip on horseback to Gardeau to get salt. He was thoroughly versed in woodcraft and years ago rendered valuable aid to the ones who opened the first coal operations in this section of the State, by helping locate the deposits.

Mr. Burdick had the distinction of having voted at twenty Presidental elections. One Presidential election he missed owing to illness.

Although he was the only man in this section of the State who had spanned the long gap between the primative pioneer days to the present age of wonderful inventions and improvements Mr. Burdick refused to dwell 'midst the memories of the dim past and took an unusually active interest in the affairs of the day, although he delighted in recalling the wonderful strides he had witnessed. In spite of his great age Mr. Burdick would have passed for a man many years younger, as he did not look to be older than a well preserved man in his seventies His brain was thoroughly alert, his body rugged and active, his face full and round, while his eye retained the spark of healthy vitality. He walked with an easy stride and could set out and cover a good distance on foot. He scorned the use of glasses, his hearing was good, he kept well read on current events, had a remarkable memory, and was truly one of the most remarkable old men in this section of the United States. Mr. Burdick was a wonderful example of the potency of clean, healthy living for his health was always good and several times in late years when he was seized with attacks of illnes he combatted such attacks with the vigor of a man many years his junior.

In spite of the wonderful advances throughout this section, up to a few years ago, Mr. Burdick was not far removed from the surroundings of his youth as but a short distance from his home was the edge of one of the largest tracts of timber in the State covering some twenty-five thousand acres in McKean, Cameron and Elk counties. In 1900 the Norwich Lumber company started cutting this tract and today where but a few years ago deer were wont to bound across the road, and bear and other game could be found in plenty, the thriving villages of Norwich and Betula stand.

He is survived by 3 children, 20 grandchildren, 24 great grandchildren and 8 great great grandchildren. Two of his grandsons, Earl and Ralph Burdick were with the American forces in France. Ralph was killed in action on Nov. 7. At the time the United States entered the war Earl was attending theological seminary and he enlisted and has since been in a number of battles on the firing line all though the summer and is now in France doing Y. M. C. A. work. Mr. Burdick also had 4 great grandsons with the A. E. F. in France: Claire Gallup, who died in France Dec. 22, of pneumonia; Jay Gallup, Chas. Layton and Lloyd Layton.

Funeral services were conducted at the Colegrove church Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and burial was made at the Norwich cemetery, Rev. Gregson, of the Smethport M.E. church conducting the services.

ROLL OF HONOR.

McKean County Men and Women in the Service of the United States or our Allies, including Y. M. C. A. K. of C., and Red Cross.

Casualties by Districts to February 15, 1919, subject to correction.

City, Boro or Township.	Killed in Action Died of Wounds Died of Disease.	Wounded in Action, Missing in Action, Taken Prisoners.	Total Casualties
Annin	1	2	3
Bradford	0	3	3
Bradford City	40	59	99
Ceres	0	0	0
Corydon	0	0	0
Eldred	0	2	2
Eldred Borough	1	5	6
Foster	5	2	7
Hamilton	2	12	14
Hamlin	5	13	18
Kane	21	58	79
Keating	4	14	18
LaFayette	0	1	1
Lewis Run	1	3	4
Liberty	3	8	11
Mt. Jewett	0	4	4
Norwich	8	2	10
Otto	1	2	3
Port Allegany	9	14	23
Sergeant	0	1	1
Smethport	1	11	12
Wetmore	6	5	11
Total	108	221	329

McKean County Council of National Defense.

Roll of honor section.

Report Number 1, Casualties, Preliminary.

Dated Smethport, Penna. February 15, 1919.

About two hundred women of the county, constituting t he Roll of Honor Section of the Council of National Defense, have been engaged since the month of November in the arduous task of securing a proper card record of each person in the Service from this county. The county is divided into six Districts and the workers of each District are in charge of a District Chairman. These Chairmen are as follows, viz. Mrs. Jos. H. Bovaird, Bradford. Mrs. Chas. C Davis, Kane. Mrs. D. S. Helmer, Port Allegany. Mrs. W. F. Burr, Eldred. Mrs. Julia Jones, Mt. Jewett and Mrs E. W. Workley, Smethport.

The whole work for the county is in charge of Mrs. Guy McCoy of Smethport as Chairman of the Roll of Honor Section.

The card records are secured in each community of the county by a house to house canvas of the workers and are signed and made out by a member of the soldier boy's family accompanying reports of casualties promotions etc. of the community are then forwarded to the District Chairman and thence with a proper District Report to the Headquarters Office at Smethport. At Smethport another corps of volunteer workers then compiles the card records by Townships etc., and as to casualties and promotions.

Records of each community are then checked up with the available lists of soldiers and with the lists of te Press Clipping Bureau of the committee. Thus is careful provision made that no soldier's record be not accurately secured. So soon as the records of a community are complete the cards are copied by the Smethport committee onto the blanks provided by the State Historical Commission and forward to them and thus the complete Soldier's Record for McKean County will be at all times available at our County Seat at Smethport and in the State archives at Philadelphia. 1577 records are now thus compiled at Smethport and there are about 700 more to be submitted. Families and close friends of our soldier boys are most earnestly urged to immediately go to one of the above named District Chairman with any soldier's record that is not now obtained. But few communities remain in which the house to house canvas has not been conducted and thus the appeal for assistance of all in this important work is imperative. Persons having knowledge of casualtes of their community will assist this work greatly by submitting a list of same, stating soldiers name and casualty sustained and name and address of family or person who can fill out a record card for same. This information may be submitted to the nearest District Chairman whose name appears above or it may be sent to Guy McCoy Executive Secretary Council of Defense, Smethport, Pa. With the assistance of all it is hoped to complete this work early in March in order that the correct list, complete as to name, address, regiment number and casualty sustained, the Casualty List for McKean County may be ready for publication so soon as peace is declared and the war ended.

SMETHPORT ON ROUTE OF TWO PRIMARY ROADS.

Harrisburg, Feb. 17.—Commissioner Lewis S. Sadler, of the highway department, whose first four weeks on the job have been the most strenuous of any Pennsylvania highway commissioner, is preparing for a particularly busy week beginning yesterday, when more delegations from various parts of the state will be on hand to see him relative to road construction—and they will keep on coming.

In many instances agreements have been made with county commissioners whereby the latter immediately take up the construction of lateral or "side" roads; and this means that cross-overs are to be built connecting the primary roads at frequent intervals. But the "primary road system" is what Governor Sproul, Commissioner Sadler and the administration are aiming for. They plan a constructive pogram which in four years, as Governor Sproul promised before the election will give Pennsylvania the best highway system in America.

Within a few days the department plans to issue a map which will show the extent of the "primary system." It will show every section of the to have been included in the construc tiv program.

"Primary" roads in this setion of the State as they probably will be announced by Commissioner Sadler will be substantiall as follows:

From Erie to Honesdale—Through Corry, Warren, Smethport, Coudersport, Wellsboro, Mansfield, Towanda, Montrose.

From Erie to Harrisburg—Through Meadville, Franklin, Clarion, Brookville, DuBis, Clearfield, Tyrone, Huntingdon, Lewistown and Liverpool.

From Olean (N. Y.)—to Somerset Through Smethport, Ridgway, DuBois Curwensville, Ebensburg, Johnstown and Stoyestown.

From Elmira to York—Through Canton, Williamsport, Sunbury, Liverpool, Harrisburg.

From Erie to Pittsburgh—Through Meadville, Mercer, New Castle and Beaver Falls.

Try a Miner Want Ad. They Pay Big Dividends.

SUBSTITUTE FOR MILK IN CALF FEEDING.

Dairymen who sell whole milk are inclined to grow less livestock and depend on buying their dairy cows. This is an unwise policy. Raise your good heifer calves and insure foundation of your future dairy business. By the use of a Home Mixed Calf Meal, made into a gruel you can raise good healthy calves, if you use proper methods.

Suggestions.

1. Don't guess about weights and temperatures use a pair of scales and dairy thermometer.
2. Be cautious about over feeding, and don't attempt to eliminate whole milk too soon.
3. Livestock judgement is essential no rules cover all cases. Study you rcalf.
4. Provde the calf with dry, warm and well ventilated and light quaters.
5. When the calf is a few days old give it access o clean, drinking water.
6. When the calf meal gruel is fed mix only what would be consumed at each feeding period.
7. Supply each calf with its own feeding pail which should be kept clean.

The Home Mixed Calf Meal as Recommended is Mixed as Follows.

100 lbs. Hominy Feed.
100 lbs. Linseed Meal.
100 lbs. Red Dog Flour.
100 lbs. Dried Blood Flour.

Make into gruel by mixing 1 lb. of Calf Meal in one gallon of water Make up at temperature of 130 degrees to 145 degrees and cool to 90 degrees to 100 degrees for feeding.

The above feed should not be substituted for milk until the calf is about two weeks of age, and at this time substitute for only a part of the milk. With this feed as well as milk the calf should have access to a grain mixture of cornmeal, oats, wheat bran, and oil meal. For further details write the Farm Bureau at Smethport, Pa.

IF ANYBODY

with a desire to own an automobile is interested in an OVERLAND TOURING CAR in good mechanical condition, with a six cylinder Continental motor, four good tires and two extras that are not very good, they can get it here for $275.00. We have new cars coming in and it is in our way. adv 7tf Smethport Garage Co

FOUND

A pair of gentleman's shoes. Owner can have same by calling on Geo. Herzog at Farmers Valley and paying for this advertisement.advtt

RUMMAGE SALE.

The Ladies Aid of St. Elizabeths church will hold a rummage sale in the basement of the Catholic church to-morrow, Friday, February 21. Sale starts at 10:00 a. m. advtt.

FOR SALE.

4 good young cows. Will freshen soon. Andrew Campbell. Smethport Pa. 7w3**

Subscribe for the Miner, $2.00 a Year

COUNTY DRIVE FOR ARMENIAN ..SYRIAN AID.

In connection with the Nation-wide dive to raise money for the relief of the starving peoples of Armenia and Syria the McKean County Branch of the Council of National Defense has taken charge of the drive in this county which will be launched today and will continue until March 1.

The drive has governmental status in that it bears the endorsement of the Council of National Defense in Washington and is approved by President Wilson and the Fedeal Food Administration and the poceeds will be administered under the supervision of Herbert Hoover, as Drector General of International Relief.

The cause is one of the most meritorious ones that has attracted the sympathy of the people. The valient people of the stricken countries who were firm friends and lent valuable assistance to the Allied cause during the war are now literally starving by thousands. Your dollars will perform a great humantarian work, and will help pay the debt the people of the allied nations owe to them.

Mr. Charles W. Masser, Smethport, has consented to act as Treasurer for this locality in this drive.

Mr. Lewis Emery, 43 Main S., Bradford, will act as treasurer fr the County and to whom remittances will be made by the local Treasurer at the end of the campaign.

A minimum of $30,000,000 will be sought in the frive for funds of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. The funds to be raised in the campaign will be used in repatriating and re-establishing the destitute peoples of the Near East, including Armenians, Syrians Greeks and Persians.

According to a recent statement from the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, 2,900,000 persons, consisting principally of women and children, all of them desperate need of immediate relief and thousands of them starving daily, are accessible and can be administered to by the committed's relief workers, if the American people come to their aid by contributing liberally to the campaign.

Many of these stricken peoples, having been driven away from their homes by the Turkish authorities during the war because of their pro-ally sympathies are now n the way back to their former homes from Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Persia, the Caucasus and Siberia, from which they fled before the Turks, who had murdered and deported many of their people.

A detailed statement of how the money to be raised in the drive will be spent has been issued by the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, composed of the foremost business, religious and professional men of the nation. The committee's statement calls for a total of $36,810,000 to meet the situation in the stricken countries.

BIBLE SCHOOL CONVENTION

A Community Bible School Convention for the Smethport District Keating and Norwich Townships, will be held at the Union Church, East Smethport next Thursday, February 27th, 7:30 P. M. A most interesting program has been arranged for this event and it is expected that a large crowd will be in attendance.

THE EDGWOOD ARSENAL

Great Plant For the Production of Poison Gas Near Baltimore

By Richard Berry

The lifting of the censorship has permitted the telling of no military story so awe inspiring as the one here related for the first time in public print. This strips the veil from a hidden page of history just enacted and adds another lustrous chapter to the volume of stupendous American achievements of the last year. It concerns the creation of a thunderbolt the most terrible known to man, and the holding of it leashed, over the bowed head of Germany, giving the United States the power to annihilate that reelig nation. So efficacious was this thunderbolt that the mere thought of it was sufficient for the coup de grace.

If the reader will pardon this introduction I will relate the story as it came to me first hand.

Twenty-six miles from Baltimore on the edge of the Government's vast Aberdeen ordnance proving grounds, is a 300-acre tract, fenced off even from the comparative publicity of the conventional big guns, guarded from prying eyes along every rod by soldiers with drawn bayonets. Twelve months ago it was a Maryland farm. Today it is the largest poison gas plant on earth. It can produce, probably three or four times over, more mustard gas, phosgene, chlorine, and other noxious fumes than the intensified war output of England, France and Germany combined.

It was just completed and ready to function for the $60,000,000 invested there when the armistice was signed on Nov. 11. Now it lies silent and idle like the great cannon along the Lorraine border, but ready-to-operate at a moment's notice.

The director of the United States Chemical Warfare Service is Major General William L. Seibert. The commanding officer Colonel William H. Walker, and one of his assistants, Lieut. Col. Geo. Calhoun took me over the plant and inlated me into its mysteries, explained the processes of production, outlined some of the little known features of gas warfare, and indicated what an essential element in the prospective allied attack next Spring this product was to be. Formerly Colonel Walker was Professor of Chemical Engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

As we went over this enormous plant, sprinkled over the old farm each unit well separated from its neighbors to avoid concentrated explosions, Colonel Walker, once the best lecturer at the Boston Tech, expounded the theory and the practice, the history and the possible future of the diabolism we were surveying.

It is not apparent that the Germans started the war with the intention of using poison gas, he said, for they did not use it until April, 1915, and then despite their boasted efficiency, they did not understand the effectiveness of the fiendish stuff they were using. Had they done so history might make different reading today. For instance, when they first used gas, (it was chlorine with which they started on April 22, 1915,) they waited twenty four hours before following up with a bayonet attack, evidently fearful that the gas had not dissipated. As a matter of fact the gas dissipated within thirty five or forty minutes after its release, though in that time it annihilated 50 per cent. of the Canadians, Turcos and French opposing it. If the Germans had attacked within an hour they would have taken Calais that day. There was nothing to stop them.

Another thing that makes me think they did not intend using poison gas when they began the war is that they had no proper meteorological charts of Northern France. If they had these charts they would not have wasted so much time and so much gas as they did waste. It is a fact that the prevailing winds in Northern France are 75 per cent. from a southerly or southeasterly direction. This left the Germans only 25 per cent. of the time in which they could use gas as they did to begin with, relying on the wind to carry it across the line. Later they devised guns and mortars, but if they had begun with these methods and had made gas in sufficient quantities there can be no doubt that the war would have ended in their favor very early. There is no doubt in my mind that their inability to make gas in sufficient quantities accounts for their halt in their last great drive last summer. Of that later. The French and English as you know were reluctant to use gas, deeming it inhumantarian. Our government suffered from the same indecision in the early months of our part of the war. However, we came to it in time, just as did the French and English. But although the English finally utilized every available facility they could command in the manufacture of toxic gasses, their total production at its highest point never went above an average of thirty tons a day. The best the French could do was much less than this. You can get the whole story in one sentence when I tell you that our American capacity for September and October was on an average of two hundred tons a

(Continued on Page 8)

WANTED.

To buy a wagon box in good condition 39 inches wide by 12 foot long. Kindly leave information at Denning's Meat Market. 3t***

FOR SALE OR RENT.

Seven-room house with bath. Easy terms of sale. Mrs. S. H. Downey. Phone 89R22. 7tf

RABELAIS PROVED A PROPHET

Events He Recorded, in Tale for the Nursery, Have Now Become Assured Facts.

When Pantagruel took leave of the good Gargantua, his royal father, and took shipping at the port of Thalassa for Catay, in upper India, he completed in four months the voyage which it took the Portuguese three years to complete, says the Christian Science Monitor. Many leagues then lay between father and son, but they communicated. That is the point in turning over the leaves of the cure's book at this hour, when the dream of the dominion of the air, which has haunted the imaginations of men for centuries, has come true. Pantagruel, busily making purchases at the fair somewhere in Asia, hears a joyful cheer and sees that one of his father's advice boats has arrived—"that Ship was light as a Lark, so that it seem'd rather to fly on the Sea than to sail."

Pantagruel asked Malicorn, the bearer of dispatches, whether he had Gousi, the heavenly messenger. "Yes, Sir, here it is swadled up in this Basket.' It was a grey Pigeon which Pantagruel caus'd to be undressed and a white Ribbon ty'd to its Feet. The Pigeon presently flew away and in two hours it compass'd the air, and Gargantua, hearing it had a white ribbon on, was joyful and secure in his son's welfare." That is Rabelais' little story, a tale for the nursery, but with all the potentialities which, in the fullness of time, have been realized.

DUMAS A PROLIFIC AUTHOR

But His Output of Books and Plays Availed Him Nothing When He Sought Election.

One of the most original election addresses on record was that issued by Dumas pere in 1848, when he stood for a division of Paris. Although Dumas had been an ardent republican long before the downfall of Louis Philippe, it was mainly as an employer of labor that he sought the suffrages of democracy. "During the past 20 years (he wrote, it is recalled) I have composed 400 volumes and 35 plays. Each volume averaged a sale of 4,000 copies, and each play averaged 100 performances. I have thus helped to give employment to printers, papermakers, bookbinders, booksellers, etc.; also to actors, actresses, stage hands, scene painters, theatrical costumers, etc. The sale of my works produced about 11,853,000 francs, and the money paid to see my plays totaled about 6,530,000 francs. Taking the average daily wage of all concerned at three francs, and, reckoning 300 working days to the year, my books have kept 632 persons for 20 years and my plays have kept 1,041 persons for the same period.

This address, of which huge quantities were distributed, failed in its purpose. Two years later Dumas sought election for Guadeloupe and was again defeated. This so disgusted him that he never tried for election again.

Contest in Crimes.

Statistics proving that the states of the West and Middle West are veritable hotbeds of burglary, as compared with eastern states, may be found in the widespread reports of robberies committed, through interchange of crime tabulations for the past year. Illinois stands far and above all other states in the reports of 1,156 burglaries, selected at random from more than ten times that number of robberies committed which were covered or partly covered by insurance. Missouri is second on the list with 75; Pennsylvania third, with 72; Ohio fourth, with 65. Judging from western methods employed by burglars who have made big hauls in and around New York in the last few weeks, burglary insurance underwriters believe there has been a strong influx of western crooks to that part of the country, and that New York city is developing the biggest crime wave in its history.

War Makes Deer Migrate.

War has driven the deer of Massachusetts from one of their favorite stands. When the six days' open season started hunters who have been accustomed to stalk the animals in the Nashua River valley in the central part of the state had to find a new objective, for what was once a great area of scrub growth is now the cantonment city Camp Devens.

Reports from towns a short distance away indicate that large numbers of deer have found refuge in woods not many miles away.

Sportsmen anticipated a leaner season than for many years, a comparative scarcity of deer being reported by residents of rural districts.

Invalid's Remarkable Work.

Miss Ingeborg Brun, the maker of the nine-inch globe representing Mars that was lately presented to M. Flammarion, is a Danish woman who has been confined to her bed 20 years. The planet is shown in correct colors, and all canals and other features noted by the latest observers of Mars are mapped. The work modernized the two globes long ago made by the French astronomer himself.

The Coal Shortage.

"Coal," said a government official, "will be scarce this winter, but nobody is going to freeze to death.

"You hear everywhere the most exaggerated stories about the scarcity of coal. In my office the other day I warned an office boy that if he didn't do better I'd have to haul him over the coals. The boy grinned.

"'But,' he said, 'there ain't none to haul me over. Is there, sir?'

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Alice M. Frayer
vs.
John J. Frayer

No. 10, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Alice M. Frayer did on the 6th day of June 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John J. Frayer.

We therefore command you the said John J. Frayer that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Alice M. Frayer your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Melvin & Melvin, Lib. Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Frace Glass
vs.
Harry Walter Glass

No. 11, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Frace Glass did on the 6th day of June 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Harry Walter Glass.

We therefore command you the said Hary Walter Glass that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Frace Glass your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Simon & Wilson, Lib. Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1919. adv 4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Axel Callenburg
vs.
Clara Callenburg

No. 18, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Axel Callenburg did on the 17th day of June 1918 prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Clara Callenburg.

We therefore command you the said Clara Callenburg that seting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Axel Callenburg your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

H. S. Rogers, Lib. Atty.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Charles E. Storms
vs.
Lettie Chase Storms

No. 110, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Charles E. Storms did on the 27th day of August 1918 prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Lettie Chase Storms.

We therefore command you the said Lettie Chase Storms that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Charles E. Storms your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Katherine Burke, Lib Atty
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1919. adv 4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Fred Gustafson
vs.
Anna Gustafson

No. 132, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Fred Gustafson did on the 7th day of September, 1918, prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Anna Gustafson.

We therefore command you the said Anna Gustafson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why Fred Gustafson, your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

P. L. Tyler, Guy B. Mayo Lib-Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., January 30, 1919. adv 4t.

"TREASURES" IN THE CELLAR

Cleaner Finds Many Things Stored There, With More or Less Interesting History.

Health drive is on this week, and every good Bronklynite will go down in his cellar and clean out all the rubbish and useless stuff except possibly the furnace. When one is engaged in this sort of work he runs across lots of old forgotten stuff.

He unearths crayon portraits of Uncle Hiram and Aunt Maria, made with an air brush in exchange for 400 coupons and $2. They were intended for the parlor, but reached the cellar after throwing the old family canary into convulsions; and there is the wreck of the old whatnot that grandma gave you. It used to stand in the corner of the parlor, filled with old family pictures, sharks' eyes, Indian head work and other terrible monstrosities that children gazed upon with awe. And as you come across it you remember that the first thing you did after dear grandma passed away was to hustle the whatnot down below, back of a pair of moth-eaten portieres.

And you find your pair of white flannel trousers that you wore to a picnic and sat down in on a blackberry pie. And you recall the trouble and embarrassment you had getting home, and of how, when you had the trousers cleaned, the big stain turned green and the trousers went into the discard. And you run across the first silk hat you ever wore, which made you look like an undertaker, and the vase which you smashed and blamed on the cat, causing an innocent feline to lose a good home; and the tie your wife bought you, on which you deliberately spilled ink, for which no one could blame you.

And so you go along rooting out one old article after another, piling them in heaps to wait for the ashman and the junkman, humming that old hymn, "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi."—Brooklyn Standard Union.

NOT ARDENT WORDS OF LOVE

At First, Though, It Would Seem That Salesman Was Addressing His Adored One.

"No one ever loved you half as well as I do," he said to her.

She made no answer.

"How did you come to love me?" he pleaded. Still the girl refused to speak, although she smiled encouragingly at this.

"Your name is written on my heart. The world is dark without you. I've built a bungalow for you and me. Let us fly to an isle in the tropic sea. The kiss you gave me set my heart on fire."

The girl was not offended. She scowled a little, but not at him. She seemed in deep thought. Suddenly she looked into his pleading orbs.

"No," she said. "Nothing like that."

"My Ouida-doola girl. When—"

The girl shook her head and left the counter.

The young salesman had been mauling the latest popular songs. Doesn't sound like a national anthem epidemic, does it?

Was It a Caveman Rarebit?

Exploration of caves in South Berkshire, Conn., resulting in the discovery of stalactites and stalagmites, big white spiders weaving their webs, bats thrust in the crystals and a subterranean brook, made Jack Newboy of Lenoxdale recall the day that he went rabbit hunting in the Patterson woods.

Newboy's dog chased a rabbit into a cave. Jack waited outside for results. He waited two hours, called the dog and, getting no results, went home. He found the dog was at home and said the rabbit, Pat, his brother, explained:

"I was fishing on a lake not far from the shore when I heard a commotion in the water nearby and was surprised to see a rabbit in the water. As I watched the dog came to the surface, swam after the rabbit and captured him."

Cure Bent Backs by Suggestion.

Suggestion plays a great part in the cure of physical ills of soldiers. According to Lieut. Col. A. F. Hurst, all men suffering from bent backs can be cured by persuasion and re-education.

The patient is told that his posture is a bad habit formed when his back was painful. He is asked to stand with his back to a wall, with his heels touching it. His shoulders are then gently pushed back till they touch the wall.

In most instances the soldier finds that in a few minutes he can stand erect without support, and after walking a few times in the same posture his cure is complete.

Aviators' "Sport" Forbidden.

What promised to develop into a highly exciting sport has just been cut off in its infancy by Gen. William L. Kenly, head of the army aircraft service.

He has issued an order forbidding army aviators, either on duty at practice, or flying for pleasure, from shooting wild ducks and other fowl with machine guns. The practice not only gave the birds small run for their money and endangered the lives of people for two miles around, but wasted quantities of costly ammunition.

Putting It Prettily.

A great big soldier boy had picked a little bit of a girl. When a fellow "joshed" him a bit, he said: "Yes, Bill, she would have been taller, but she's made of stuff so choice and fine and scarce that the Lord just naturally couldn't find enough of it here to make her any bigger."

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

The Rural Mail Carrier is playing Pilgrim's Progress, which stopped Just Now when the Dastardly Engine up and Quit like a Dawg. The Carrier will Get Out in the Mud and Twist 'Er for the Steengh Time this morning, and then he will Sing a Pean of Praise for Muddy Roads.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

Gangway for the Hustler! He's just about to Pull Off a Big Deal today and is Busier than a Cat on a Tin Roof. Every town has a Hustler or two, and the more Hustlers, the better the Town. For the names of the Hustlers in Our Town, see the Advertising Columns. They're all There.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

Pipes poor Pa, patiently plodding Homeward. Pa, alias the Old Man, was once a regular Cut-up and had more Pep than a two-year-old colt behind a Brass Band. Now he Looks like a Government Mule hauling Pig Iron. This teaches us that We should be Kind to the Old Man.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

Pity the Poor Reporter! After he Gallops 'round town All Day running down News, the man who Never gives him an Item growls, "Say, why didn't you Mention me being out of Town yesterday?" The poor Guzoopus must think the Reporter is a Mind Reader who gathers news by Mental Telepathy.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

He views with Alarm, does the Croaker. The Guv'ment ain't Doin' Run to Suit him, the Young Generation is Plum Ruthless, times ain't What they Wuz, and even the Weather hez Gone to the Bad. If he gets to Heaven, the Croaker will Kick because his Harp isn't a Self-Player.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

Quick, rescue the Family Shifthound before the Grouch turns and Bites him. The Women and Children are all Safe in the Kitchen. After he has Spoiled the Day for the family, the Grouch will go Down Town and take the Joy out of Life for Everybody he meets. The Grouch should be Interned.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

Gee, just hear the Cornet! He is a Windy Cuss and can't be Sounds such as were never heard on Land or Sea. And what he plays "The End of a Perfect Day." His Wife Cackles out in the Kitchen. The Neighbors leave for Down Town and all the Dawgs start to madly Running in Circles.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

Don't pity this Poor Fish. It serves him Right for coming home Without a Copy of this popular Family Journal for Friend Wife. Eleven times has he been Warned, and now he is Going Around [illegible] Ladies, if your husband [illegible] Darned Fool Man, show

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

PHONE 184.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus

Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the price is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE

Smethport, Pa.

Having bought the

GROCERY BUSINESS

of George M. Partridge.

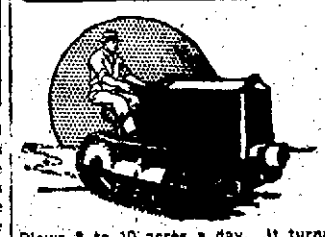
I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY

Phone 9-2-J

SMETHPORT, PA.



Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY

AND

BAKED GOODS

AT

BRASTED'S

Bakery

Some Weather!

Last winter was a record breaker. This year it may be the same. Who knows? Are you prepared to keep warm no matter how hard the wind blows or how low the thermometer goes?

Better conserve your coal by using a Perfection Oil Heater. The Perfection is *safe* and it will keep any room in the house warm and comfortable in the most severe weather.

And, you will save money, for a Perfection burns an economical fuel. But be particular what *kind* of kerosene you use.

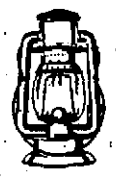
Rayo Lamps

The always reliable light makers. Handsome designs for every room. Give a clear, mellow light, ideal for all purposes. At your dealer's.

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

is made by a special refining process which gives it exceptional burning, heating and lighting qualities. It does not smoke, give off unpleasant odors or char the wick. Ask for it by name.

It's natural to put things off, but *don't* wait to buy your Perfection Oil Heater. Get it from your dealer now. They are reasonably priced —$5.55 to $10.00.



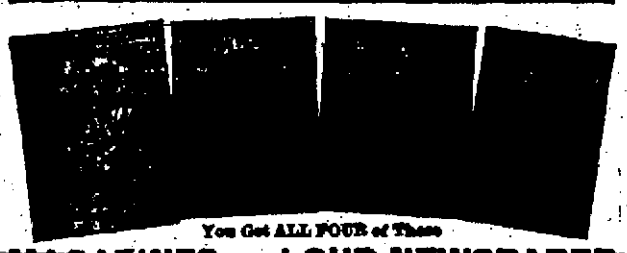
Rayo Lanterns

Safest and best. Give a piercing, far-reaching light on the darkest night. Durable construction. Oil founts never leak. At your dealer's.

The Atlantic Refining Company

Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

See McKean County Miner's BIG SUBSCRIPTION OFFER



You Get ALL FOUR of These

MAGAZINES and OUR NEWSPAPER

For One Year Each FOR **$2.55** *Order Now*

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

THIS OFFER IS LIABLE TO BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

Confidence

YOU HAVE TO FIND YOURSELF before you can seek success. True, life is a constant struggle, but you can carry within you sufficient power for any undertakin. DETERMIOATION imbued with hope and supported by faith will do anything within the range of possibility.

Now then, lets steam up and move ahead.—Begin your Bank accouut to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1.00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE

SIX CYLINDER STUDEBAKER

Goodrich Cord Tires.

3 Spare Tires. All on rim.

Car is in first class condition and can be bought very cheap.

Car can be demonstrated at any time

INQUIRE AT

F. J. NICHOLS' News Stand

The McKean County Miner

Smethport, Pa., Thursday Feb. 20, 1919

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—C. W. Lillibridge spent Monday in Kane on business.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Mrs. J. W. Bouton have returned from a visit in New York City.

—B. T. Garlick has a change of advertisement this week in which he has much of interest to say in regard to the timely saving of trees.

—Mrs. Owen Malone was called to Ridgeway yesterday on account of the serious illness of his husband who is in the hospital in that city suffering with pneumonia.

—Talk health, happiness and Prosperity to every person your meet—and then read Monheimer's advertisement in to-day's MINER.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Elder, Frank Elder and Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle were in Port Allegany Friday to attend the funeral of the late Maynard Butler.

—Shinglehouse has started a movement to construct brick road through that town and concrete from the borough line to the state line in the village of Ceres. The committee is endeavoring to raise $15,000 by popular subscriptions, the balance of the cost of construction to be furnished by State aid.

—At the morning service in the M. E. church, the Pastor will discuss what is probably the most vital subject before the church, "The Stewardship of Possessions". There will also be a talk by a "Methodist Minute Man."

—A Lodge of Moose has been instituted at Ridgeway. The new organization starts off with a membership of 75.

—Miss Margaret Sartwell, who is employed at Warren, spent Sunday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sartwell.

—Roulett friends of Rev. Robert Ketcham, formerly of that place but now pastor of a Baptist church at Butler have learned that that brilliant young man has lost the sight of both his eyes the result of an attack of influenza recently.

—Hon. J. W. Bouton is in Warren this week where he presided at court in place of Judge Hinckley, who is in Florida.

—Mrs. Jennie de la Vergne Otto died at her home in Olean, N. Y., last week Monday. Mrs. Otto lacked a month of being 90 years old. In 1870 she was married to A. J. Otto of this place and had made Olean her home ever since. She is survived by two adopted daughters, Mrs. Mabelle Leasure of Erie, Pa., Mrs. Jane D. Keese of Los Angeles, California, and two sisters, Mrs. Anna Merritt of Olean and Mrs. Martha D. Tinkey of Erie Pa.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Estate of N. F. Ferris, Late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania.

Letters of Administration on the above Estate having been granted February 14th, 1919, by the Register of Wills of the said County of McKean to Hamlin Bank & Trust Company of Smethport Borough in the County aforesaid: request is hereby made to all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Decedent to immediately make known the same, and all persons indebted to the said Decedent, to make payment thereof, to the said Administrator without delay.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., February 15, 1919
Sheridan Gorton, Atty. adv8w6.

ADVERTISEMENT OF LETTERS.

Estate of E. L. Perry, late of Sergeant Township, McKean County, deceased. Letters testamentary upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against the same will present them for payment, duly authenticated; and those indebted thereto will please make immediate payment to,

Grant Perry, Executor.
at Bloomster Hollow, McKean County Pa.
John N. Apple, Attorney.
February 15, 1919. adv.

Standard cold remedy for 20 years—in tablet form. Checks cough, relieves headache, tiredness, feverishness in 24 hours—relieves Grip in 3 days. Money back if fails. The genuine box has a Red Cross and bears Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

CASCARA QUININE BROMIDE HILL'S

SAW HUMOR OF THE SITUATION

Commanding Officer, Dreaded as a Martinet, Proved He Was Not Altogether a "Bear."

There is a certain major-general in the A. E. F. who is a great stickler for discipline and military forms. Most generals are that, but this one is a regular martinet. The soldier who fails to salute and to "snap it out" when the general is around is in for an extended spell of that intensive form of culinary labor known as "kitchen police," or for something worse.

One afternoon the general was driving along when his car met a soldier on foot. The enlisted man stared hard at the vehicle and its august passenger, but made no move to extend the required courtesy.

The general was indignant. He ordered his driver to stop and hailed the plodding private in his best military voice.

"What do you mean by failing to salute me?" he roared.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I didn't know you were a general," apologized the soldier, standing at attention.

"You didn't know I was a general, eh? Well, didn't you see those two stars on my car? Don't you know what two stars mean?"

"Yes, sir, I know what they mean. They mean that you have two sons in the army," said the "buck."

The general told this story himself that evening at the staff mess and now his aids and the other staff officers know that he isn't such a "bear" as they had thought him.—Exchange.

WAS A NURSE IN FOUR WARS

English Woman, Veteran of Many Previous Campaigns, Served in World Struggle.

Mrs. Teresa Ellen Richardson, who died recently at Bath, England, was a worker in the hospitals of four wars. She held the South African medal, the Order of the Crown of Japan, the Japanese Red Cross Order of Merit, two Greek medals and the 1914 Star.

During the South African war, says the London Times, Mrs. Richardson nursed at a hospital at Bloemfontein, when the epidemic of enteric fever tried to the utmost the resources of the medical staff. Afterward, through the Japanese minister, she was attached to the Red Cross society of Japan during the war with Russia.

Later she nursed at Athens during the war between Greece and Turkey, and when the present war broke out, being then sixty-eight years old, she went to Brierfort, near Brussels. After the German armies had occupied that place she nursed at one of the hospitals of Antwerp throughout the bombardment, she and her maid being the only persons who remained at her hotel. Mrs. Richardson was one of the last to leave the town, escaping down the Scheldt in a coal barge crowded with refugees. The privation endured at this period seriously affected her health and she was compelled to abandon further attempts to render help in Red Cross hospitals in London and Nice.

Nuts as Food.

Many people are just beginning to find out that nuts are a valuable source of food. Most varieties have a high nutritive value, due to their fat and protein content.

Chestnuts stand in a class by themselves, being largely carbohydrate in composition. They are good boiled and mashed. Serve as potatoes or use as stuffing for a fowl. Butternuts, black walnuts, English walnuts, filberts, hazel nuts, hickory nuts, pecans and almonds all may be used as fat savers, for they are especially rich in fat. It is certain that if you have on hand a large supply of nuts you can add attractive and varied dishes to your meals at little expense. The protein and fat are combined in the nut much as they are in meat, which makes it a good substitute for meat. Vegetarians have learned to make many attractive combination dishes from nuts, such as nut loaves, croquettes and souffles, which they serve in place of meat.

How Britain Saved the Babies.

Great Britain has adopted drastic measures to provide milk for her babies, according to J. C. Welliver in the National Geographic Magazine.

"If the adult patron of a public eating house," he says, "buys and drinks a glass of milk as a beverage, he is liable to a fine of $25, and the proprietor subjects himself to a like penalty."

The result has been that "the death rate among infants under five years old has been about one-half the rate in prewar times. For the first time in the modern history of Britain there has been milk enough for all the babies, and good milk."

Only Small Transgression.

Jane had a new tricycle, but had been told not to leave the front walk. Instead of minding her mother she rode around the block. On her return her mother scolded her and asked why she did not obey. Jane thought of no good excuse, so said: "Well, I didn't think you would care if I just went behind the block."

Wrist Blotter.

In these days of wrist watches there seems to be a call for the simple wrist blotter recently invented by Harland W. Cardwell of Texarkana, Tex. This device consists merely of a curved blotter back, blotter and a wrist strap so that the blotter may be worn on the right hand of the user. Thus the blotter is instantly available for use, and the pen does not have to be laid down.

Knox Sailors

are being shown by

Mrs. M. C. Barker

at the BISETT SHOP

A Golden Opportunity

To Secure Your Own Home Newspaper and Your Own Home Farm Paper at Bargain Rates

McKean County Miner

and

The Ohio Farmer

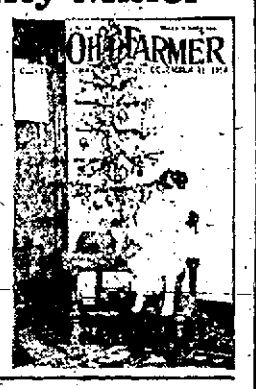
One Year

Special Price

$2.55

Truly A

"Home Offer"



Your Own Paper

We shall continue to publish a paper devoted to the best interests of our community. Each issue is replete with the town, county and state news with special emphasis given to school, church and local society news and interests. It deals primarily with our own county business houses, farming and community life.

The Ohio Farmer

New agricultural conditions have come up upon which farmers will find it necessary to keep well informed. During the year The Ohio Farmer will publish numerous articles bearing upon these new developments that will be most helpful. Helpful—Practical—Reliable is just another name for The Ohio Farmer.

Do Not Overlook This Great Home News and Farm Paper Offer

McKEAN COUNTY MINER, - Smithport, Pa.

GRANT REFUSED TO ANSWER

When President, He Declined to Tell House Where He Had Been During Absence.

During Pfesident Grant's administration a movement was started to call Grant to account for having been absent from Washington. The house asked him by resolution to inform it what official acts he had performed while away, says an exchange. The hero of Appomattox replied:

"I freely inform the house that from the time of my entrance upon my office, I have been in the habit, as were all of my predecessors, of absenting myself at times from the seat of government, and that during such absences I did not neglect or forego the obligations or duties of my office, but continued to discharge all of the executive offices, acts and duties which were required of me as president of the United States. I am not aware that a failure occurred in any one instance of my exercising the functions and powers of my offices in every case requiring their discharge, or of my exercising all necessary executive acts in whatever part of the United States I may at the time have been."

Waxing Wooden Dishes.

If wooden dishes are to be waxed to render them impervious, they should be made of a good quality of pine or deal with an even grain, and the inside should be sandpapered quite smooth. Then, says "Camera Craft," while the dish is being made thoroughly warm to just a little short of the scorching point, using an ordinary kitchen oven, the wax should be melted and heated in a water bath on top of the fire. With both the dish and the wax as hot as can be conveniently handled, the coating is applied with a brush that is not too stiff, as evenly as possible, working in a warm atmosphere. When the fire has gone out the dish may be put back in the oven, so that the wood will absorb more of the wax than it otherwise would, leaving it there until the next morning. With a little practice one is able to make a workmanlike job; and such dishes, particularly for large sizes, make a great saving in expense.

A Sad World.

I am cursed with good manners. I cannot grab for food. I cannot take the choice morsel of a dish. I instinctively choose the most uncomfortable seat. I make way for others at the ticket office. I let everyone push ahead of me to secure the remaining seats of a subway couch. I suffer when forced to take a proffered seat. I do not interfere with the conversation of shopgirls behind the counter. I wait. I accept invitations from "persons" desirous of showing off their homes or their cash in restaurants. I listen patiently to platitudes of the young, or to the discoverers of Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw. I agree that men are vainer than women. I smile upon annoying children. I admire the costuming of all the women I know. Unless hysterical, I never inquire of my love where he has been, whither going, or whom he has seen. I give everyone the preference of liberty. I lose opportunities.—G. Vere Taylor in Judge.

The Proof.

"Inanimate things are pugnacious as well as depraved."

"How do you mean?"

"Haven't you ever seen a ship spar at a ballot box."

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.

ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport, Pa., Thursday February 20, 1919

A short time ago it was revealed that the crippled veterans who had returned to our hospitals in the United States were compelled to do their laundering, or else pay to have the work done. Republicans generally denounced the heartless system that made such a condition of affairs possible, and called attention to monthly figures published by the War Department showing that the Salvage Division was cleaning about 12,000,000 pieces of clothing every month. Because of the agitation over the matter it is officially announced that at one hospital, at least, Walter Reed near the city of Washington, arrangements have been made to send the soiled clothes of the men to a nearby camp for laundering. Investigation discloses the fact that there always have been laundry facilities at the cantonments in this country, where the clothes of the men has been attended to and the figures given out by the War Department refer to the records at the camps. But at the large base hospitals, absolutely no provisions for a similar service to the men had been made and the distressing conditions disclosed probably would have continued but for the activity of the Republicans in exposing them to public denunciation.

Those who urge the government to "pocket its loss" on the 1919 wheat crop which is to be bought at $2.26, are counting their troubles before they are hatched. The 1919 wheat crop has not yet sprouted. The peace treaty has not yet been signed. The bolsheviki are still ravaging Europe and threatening to break loose in America. Not only the bolsheviki but the chinch bug, the grasshopper and the drought are waiting to do a destructive stunt. Mayhap the government will be able to sell its $2.26 wheat for $2.56 before it has reached the flour mills.

Washington, February 16. The Republican Publicity Association, through its President, Hon. Jonathan Bourne, Jr., to-day gave out the following statement from its Washington Headquarters:

"Never since the United States Senate was organized under the terms of the Constitution has it been called upon to pass judgement on an issue of such supreme importance, to the life and welfare of the Republic as the League of Nations, endorsement of which is to be asked by the President when he presents the peace treaty for ratification. Never has it been so essential that the minds of Senators could rise above the influences of the time and contemplate the effect of their action on our future history.

"It is undeniable that the sovereignity of the United States is involved if the country becomes a party to the new League. Just how much of its independence it would surrender and whether such abdication would endanger our future safety can not be accurately foretold until the conception of the League assumes more tangible form. But that is one of the problems that must be thrashed out by the Senate when it has before it the document in which the League of Nations is to be outlined in concrete form, and our part in its organization is clearly understood.

"In the popular mind the League is generally looked upon in the light of our recent experiences in the war. It is difficult for the average person to imagine the nations of the world aligned together in any way different from their present association. The United States, England, France, and Italy, and a number of smaller states have been on one side of the great struggle. Germany, Austria Bulgaria, and Turkey have opposed them. In addition many other countries have remained entirely neutral, at least officially. But how long will that sympathy of thought and action continue? Probably not ten years; certainly not a hundred. It is an easy matter to arrange a league of nations to fit circumstances in the world as they are today, but if the league is to endure it must be so organized and its duties and limitations so framed as to meet the ever-changing conditions in international relations.

"To act intelligently on such a momentous proposition a Senator should cast his mind into the future over a period of at least fifty years. At that time much of the animosity occasioned by this war will have passed away and new understandings amongthe countries of the world will have come about. Let the new proposal be applied to that situation Perhaps one of the countries in Mesopotamic will rebel against undue influence of England, which, it is understood, will be given a controlling interest in that part of the world the League favors the smaller nations are we to help compel the acquiescence of Great Britain." That is merely one of an infinite number of complications that may present themselves, none of which concerns the United States in the least.

"Upon the Senate rests the responsibility of decision. Of course it may be said that the plan of the League will have been worked out in advance by the peace conferences, and the Senate will not be called upon to write a new treaty. But that does not in the slightest degree lessen the responsibility of Senators. We connot believe for a moment that in a matter of such transcendent importance to the future destiny of their country they will be influenced by the fact that the treaty represents the combined labor of representatives from the principal countries of the world. They will and ought to be guided solely by consideration of the effect of the League on the welfare of their country, quite regardless of whether its rejection will force a reconvening of the peace congress and a re-writing of the treaty."

Washington, February 18—(Special correspondence)—The depressing fact of government ownership or operation upon the development of industry is rapidly impressing itself upon the minds of public men who are confronted by the problem of future governmental policies. It is very noticeable that some members of Congress who had shown inclinations toward government ownership or operation are now returning to their former advocacy of the more efficient and progressive methods of private enterprise. The short experience with the railroad and wire operation under government management has been sufficient to show them the fallacy of the assumption that men of no previous training can make a success of the greatest public service concerns in the country.

For one thing, for instance, it is recognized now as never before, that the railroads have been business builders. The private owners of railroads were under the constant stimulus of finding more and more freight for their roads to haul, and, in order to get the freight they helped to build up new industries along their lines. The railroad operations were actuated chiefly by selfish interest, it is true but they could not get more trafic for themselves without addingto the production of the territories they served, increasing the population, and improving conditions generally.

For illustration, the Western railroads have for years made large expenditures to encourage farmers to improve their dairy herds their beef cattle, and their horses. Lumbering, fruit growing and mining were encouraged. In recent years the leading railroads of the South have spent large sums for the dissemination of information regarding agricultural and manufacturing opportunities. All this was for the purpose of getting more business for the roads, but it helped put men in touch with better opportunities for making money through new industries or new methods in old industries.

Because the South had been slow in development following the war, the railroads in that section employed chemists to search out deposits of chemical materials, and to make tests to demonstrate the practicability of establishment of chemical industries. But a government manager of a railroad couldn't see the sense in a railroad employing a chemist unless it was to discover new ways of keeping corrosion out of locomotive boilers. So the chemical laboratories were closed and the chemists hunted new jobs. That was under McAdoo, and the present Director of Railroads has made the broad statement that he will follow the McAdoo policies. As one protestant expresses it, "the dark days are on us still." Another finds an explanation, but little solace, in the fact that "Mr. McAdoo's failure was in his failing to understand that no man on earth was big enough to run the finance of the United States and manage the railroads at the same time.

And the experience with the railroad chemists is but an illustration of a general polic y What is true of a man running government finances and the railroads is also true of a man trying to run the post office department and the telephone, telegraph and cable systems. In neither case can one man have the genius to make a success of both. In neither case will a government operator have the incentive to develope new business for his company, and, as a direct consequence, develop new business for the community and the country.

Reasonable Reduction

Men's Boys' Children's

OVERCOATS

SPECIAL

One Lot Men's Overcoats

9.75

One Lot Child's Coats

2.75

H. W. Rubin & Son

TILL still we've feel the WORLD USE

LE ROY

WALKING AND RIDING

PLOWS

Try Your Dealer or write LE ROY PLOW COMPANY, Le Roy, N. Y.

ELDRED.

Predicted Her Death—Items of Interest.

The sudden death of Mrs. Hepsey Jane Barden, aged 97 years occurred at her home in Rixford, Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock. Mrs. Barden had been confined to her bed for the past 12 years owing to the helpless condition of her lower limbs. Although advanced in years she possessed all her faculties with the exception of her hearing and her mind was clear.

Sunday morning Mrs. Barden's daughter, Mrs. E. E. Sell of Stoy, Ill., who has been attending her for the past two years, entered her bed room and visited with her after she had awakened. Mrs. Barden announced that she was going to die that day, but Mrs. Sell attempted to calm her fear and soon left afterward to get something for her mother. Returning very shortly she found that she had turned over on her side and was breathing her last. Mrs. Barden passed away peacefully, not suffering any pain. Mrs. Barden was born in West Union, N. Y. May 31, 1822. She had resided in Rixford for the past 48 years. Funeral services were held Wednesday at the home and the body laid to rest in the family burial ground on the farm.

Charles H. Simpson surprised the people here, Monday, by quietly going down to Portville with Mrs. Frances C. Wainman, where at 4 o'clock that afternoon, they were united in marriage by Rev. Rulo of that place. The event was pretty well planned and the newly weds would have gotten away wth it if someone hadn't given it away. As it was the boys found it out and gave them a joyous reception. Each of the contracting parties is in the 70s'.

Mrs. E. E. Wood entertained about 40 ladies of the M. E. church and friends at their monthly meeting at her pleasant home on North Main street, Wednesday night. A splendid lunch was served and a most enjoyable time had by all present.

Private Howard McFall is home from camp. He was discharged Monday.

Dr. and Mrs. E. M. McLean were in town this week. The Doctor has decided to locate in Bradford.

Miss Dorothy Bettis underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Bradford hospital this morning.

BUSH HILL.

Joseph McKiernan spent Sunday evening with Thos. Smith and family

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reynolds were Smethport business shoppers Saturday.

Miss Helen Johnson, spent the week end at her home in Bradford, Pa.

Miss Nellie Smith called on the Misses Marie Hooley and Agnes Marsh Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Rubin VanSickles attended the funeral of Josh Burrows at Grimes District Thursday last.

Thos Smith, has been on the sick list, but at this writing is much better.

Misses Agnes Marsh and Mary Hooley called on Nelle Smith Tuesday evening.

Freeda and Mildred Greer spent Sunday with their aunt, Mrs. Henry Jordon.

Mrs. Lowell Waite and Son are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cleveland.

Try a Miner Want Ad. They Pay Big Dividends.

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

At Lindholmes this Week.

Macaroni fresh from the factory, long and short, and free from Substitute flour, at a bargain.

Navy, Kidney and Lima Beans at 16c a pound. Also Brown beans at 12c a pound.

Finest California Canned fruit of all varieties.

Please call up. We are always at your service.

The Lindholm Grocery,

Telephone 16-M.

CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture, the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER

AND PLENTY OF IT

is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport.

Include soap in your next order, when you can get such values as we offer:

White Flyer	5c cake
Lenox Soap	5c cake
Oak Leaf Soap	5c cake
Pearl—White Floating	5c cake
Export Borax	6c cake
Sweet Heart—Toilet Soap	4 for 25c

Get our prices on P & G and Fels Naptha Soap

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

ALWAYS FIND 'EM HERE

The finest and most complete lines of Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles in town.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

H. C. WELLS

Drug Store.

The Miner $2 Per Year

Shoes at Special Prices

1st LOT—

Low shoes in button and lace oxfords plain, and two and three strap pumps, some childrens low heel pumps in the lot. Values up to $4.00 for

$1.95

2nd LOT.

Womens shoes cloth tops, kid tops button and lace with high louie heel medium and low heels sizes up to and including threes

$2.39

3rd LOT.—

Womens shoes same as above except in sizes 3½ to 6 this price to clean up this lot quickly.

$2.75

These prices are for but a short time and every item is a value that comes but once in a long time.don't miss looking these over.

Masser Brothers Co.

THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE-149

"Scalecide"

THE TREE SAVER

Protect your fruit trees from scale.

THERE IS NO SCALE THAT SCALECIDE WILL NOT KILL.

Economical to use. It does not require expert work: and you can apply it and see what you are doing, as it does not injure the eyes or hands.

ASK FOR BOOKLET NUMBER 14.

Read the money back proposition.

"The Corner Hardware."

B. T. GALICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa., as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Pa., Thursday Feb. 20, 1919

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—C. T. Sawyer was a Betula business visitor Monday.

—Mrs. Flora Hogarth entertained the Victory Bridge club at a five o'clock dinner Monday evening at the New Grand Central hotel. The evening was spet at cards.

—Mrs. J. C. Cunningham is seriously ill at her home on East Main street having suffered a slight stroke of paralysis Monday.

—Your attention is called to the change of advertisement of The Fry Company which appears in this issue of the MINER.

—Mrs. E. E. Bouton and Miss Vera Freeman entertained a large party of young ladies last evening at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Freeman, on Mill street, at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Mary Coady, a bride elect. An elegant luncheon was served, and Miss Coady received many useful and beautiful gifts in honor of the high esteem in which she is held by her many friends.

—Mrs. A. Elmer Quirk entertained a party of ladies Saturday afternoon at her home on East Main street from three to five. Cards were the amusements, the high score being made by Miss "Bob" Ford. Elegant refreshments were served by the hostess.

day evening from a visit to New York

—Hon. R. W. Hilton returned Monand Tupper Lake, N. Y. While in New York Mr. Hilton bade farwell to his sisters the Misses Mary and Margaret Hilton, who sailed Sunday last for Brest France on board the U. S. S. Leviathan, where they will engage in Y. M. C. A. work.

—Frank Potter went to Kane Saturday, returning Monday.

—Mortimer E. Bell spent Sunday with friends in Bradford.

—Mrs. Mary Forrest has gone to Augusta, Georgia, where she will remain for the rest of the winter. She was accompanied by Mrs. Mary Barber of Buffalo, N. Y.

—The basketball game played at the Lyceum last Friday evening between the Coudersport and Smethport high school teams resulted in a score of 42 to 20 in favor of the home team.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hackett, Miss Gladys Hackett and Judd Hackett were in Bradord last Thursday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs Samuel Grigsby.

—Mrs. John Wiant entertained the Auction Bridge club last Thursday evening at her home on Rose Hill Ave. An elegant dinner was served at six o'clock and the evening spent at cards.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells received a message last week appraising them of the illness of their daughter, Mrs. John Cather of Cincinnatti, and left Friday for tat city. The MINER is pleased to state that Mrs. Cather's illness is not of a serious nature.

—Ensign William Colegrove son of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove, of this borough, a member of the U. S. Naval Flying Corps, who has been stationed at Penascola, Fla. flying field, has received his discharge from the service and is on his way home. Mr. Colegrove arrived in Ridgway the forepart of the week, where he has been making a few days visit. It is expected that this young Smethport flyer will arrive at his home here this week.

—President Wilson sailed from Brest France, Sunday, on board the U. S. S. George Washington, for home to be present at the convening of Congress next month. The President was able to bring home with him a tentative covenant of the proposed League of Nations, which was agreed upon by the allied delegates shortly before his departure. The President expects to return to France at the earliest possible date to assist in bringing the peace deliberations to an early conclusion.

—Rev. P. J. Donohue and T. H. Purcell were Olean visitors yesterday.

—Jno Alaster of Olean, is spending the week at his home in this place.

Mrs. Nettie Barber of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. J. E. Walker and Mr. T. W. Camp.

—Chas. Dunn returned home Friday, from Clarksburg, W. Va., where he had been employed.

—Mrs. T. Schmidt spent the week end in Brookville with Mr. Schmidt, who is employed in that place.

—C. W. Masser returned Saturday from Pittsburgh, Pa., where he had been for the past week on business.

—Miss Grace Olmstead a student at Westbrook's academy in Olean, N. Y., was home from Friday until Monday.

—The Miner is indebted to B. P. Olatt for valuable assistance rendered with getting out this week's edition.

—Miss Harlett Rogers spent the week end at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Rogers, in Mt. Jewett.

—Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Rose, of Binghamton, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin.

—Daniel Bacon of DuBois was a Smethpot visitor this week.

—H. J. Rice returned Tuesday, evening from a two week's stay at Washington, D. C.

—Next Saturday Feb. 22, will be Washington's Birthday and the banks and postoffice will be closed on that date.

—Floyd J. Nichols witnessed the production of "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" at the Havens' Theatre in Ole, on Monday night.

—Mrs. A. R. Braden of Clarington, Pa., was called here this week owing to the illness of her mother, Mrs. J. C. Cunningham.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Backus returned to their home in Olean, N. Y., Tuesday after a short visit with Mr. Backus mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus.

Mrs. George Gerritt entertained the Five Hundred Club at her home on West King street laste evening. A six o'clock dinner was served and the evening spent at cards.

—Mrs. Alziene Voorhees who has been confined to her home by illness for the past few months, is not as well at this writing and her many relatives and friends are much concerned in regard to her condition.

—The infringement of patents suit of the American Window Glass company and the Window Glass Machine company against the Smethport Glass company is at present on trial in the United States district court for the western district of Pennsylvania, at Pittsburgh, Judge W. H. S Thompson presiding. The case went to trial last Monday and it will be of shorter duration than the Americans' action against the Consolidated Window Glass company since, by agreement, features brought out in the former trial will be recognized in this suit.—National Glass Budget

—The W. C. T. U. held a most interesting "Frances T. Willard Memorial Fund Meeting" on Monday evening at the home of Mr. Chas Freeman. A short business meeting was held after which the program in charge of Mrs. Neal Gleason was rendered, consisting of a sketch of Miss Willards life by Mrs. Martha Chadwick, who was personally acquainted with Miss Willard and knew something of her beautiful life, other articles on her works, etc., were read by Mrs. S. Rayner, Miss Vera Freeman, Mrs. William Hafner Mrs. Neal Gleason and Mrs. F. M. Spanogle. Mrs. E. E. Bouton sang two solos and Miss Lillian Michaels rendered several instrumental solos. Refreshments were served and all enjoyed a most pleasant and profitable evening.

MT. JEWETT.

Thomas Houston Home —Personal Items of Interest.

Thomas L. Houston, otherwise known as "Tommy," arrived home on Sunday evening from Camp Dix, where he had spent the intervening time from December 23 when he arrived in New York via the S. S. George Washington. "Tommy enlisted May 10, 1917, and in company with Sidney Albertson, who enlisted at the same time, spent several months in various camps receiving preliminary training being transferred overseas as a member of Battalion "B", 16th Field artillery, Fourth division. Much of the time he was in active service and participated three big drives—Verdun, St. Mihiel and the latter part of Chateau Thierry. Just one month before signing of the armistice he met with a disaster which shattered his left hand and compelled retirement to a hospital until his return to the United States. Careful treatment saved his hand, but he is minus portions of the thumb and index finger as a visible souvenir of the war. After a visit with the home folks he expects to enter one of the government vocational schools.

During the week the Rev. A. A. Willfrid, pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran Zion church, moved his family household effects into the McClellan residence on McClellan avenue and hereafter it will be known as the "parsonage." Residents of that street are glad to see the vacant house occupied once more and extend a cordial welcome to the new occupant.

Mrs. H. K. Lundberg and Mrs. Harry [illegible] spent the week end in Mt. Jewett, the guests of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shorb.

[illegible] of Smethport is the guest of Mrs. C. C. Raymond.

Miss Fannie Scanlon has resign her position with the Herald and left Wednesday for Newmine, Pa. Where she will be the guest of relatives for an extended period.

Mrs. R. L. Holmes and Mrs. J. J. Coulter are spending alternate days during the week in Kane in attendance upon Mrs. Fred Holmes who is quite ill.

PORT ALLEGANY.

Death of Popular Young Man—Interesting News Items.

The death of Basil Maynard Butler took place Friday at Albuquerque New Mexico, He had gone there several weeks ago with his father for his health, having been a sufferer from tuberculosis during the past fifteen months. The disease had progressed too far, however, and death took place shortly after his arrival. The body was brought home, arriving here Tuesday evening, and the funeral services were held Friday morning at 9:30 o'clock at the St. Gabriel's Church, where Solemn High Requiem Mass was said for the repose of the soul. Fr. Becker was celebrant, Fr. Donahue, Deacon, Fr. O'Hern Sub-Deacon, Fr. Doyle Master of Ceremonies, and Fr. Nolan, Ass't. Master of Ceremonies. Interment was made in the St. Gabriel's Cemetery. Maynard Butler was about 23 years of age at the time of his death, having been born at Olean March 8, 1896. He was educated in the Olean and Port Allegany schools and was a graduate of the Rochester Business College and the Bryant & Stratton College of Buffalo. He had been employed with the Central Pennsylvania Lumber Company and the Mississippi Glass Company and left here over a year ago to join the Ordnance Department at Washington. He had been ordered to prepare or service with the department at London, when taken ill. He was intensely patriotic and desired to do the greatest possible service for his country. He was a favorite with the young people of this place, and was liked by all who knew him for his pleasant manner, genial ways and fine character. He is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Butler, and one sister, Mrs. Gertrude Morehead of Dunnington Va.

Lieut. W. J. McGranor has returned from overseas and was a brief visitor in town this morning. His many friends here were more than delighted to see him again, and hope that he can soon return here permanently

The Elk McKean Counties Volunteer Firemen's Convention will be held in Port Allegany this year during the last week in May. The convention was to have been held here last year but was postponed on account of the war, and now the Star Hose Compan is planning for a celebration doubly good this year.

Veterans of the 60's gave a welcome home to the Port Allegany boys of the army and navy on Wednesday of last week. The whole town came onto masse to pay homage to the returning patriots. Over thrty of whom were in attendance.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are every ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK.

advtf.

DON'T PUZZLE

about the youngsters' clothes. Let us fit him with a pair of classy

DUTCHESS KNICKERBOCKERS

10c. a button; 50c. a rip.

They are warranted against button troubles and seams ripping. There's NO NEED to concern yourself about mending. Bring 'em back and get A NEW PAIR GRATIS if they are not as guaranteed. This SAME Guarantee applies to all Men's

DUTCHESS TROUSERS

Boys' Knickers ... Men's Trousers

$1.50 to $3.00 — $3.00 to $6.00

WM. MONHEIMER'S

Pictorial Patterns Arrow Collars.

THE FRY COMPANY

New Ginghams

New Printed Wash Goods

1919 stocks of Crash Fabrics are now ready for your selection—beautiful plaids and stripes in the extra quality. Toil du Nord Ginghams are here in great variety—Instead of 38c the price is 30c.

Individual patterns lengths of Luxor Silk Stripe Voiles, a 1919 novelty, are here in Plum, Taupe, Grey, Rose, etc., Algerian silk Foullards contrasting dots on colored ground, Also in single costume lengths, choice of the Voile or Foullard in Pattern lengths at $4.75 up.

Pleated Cheffon Ruffling in Liberty Red is quite the thing just now. Its here at $1.00 the yard.

The Family Cream Separator

The entire family will appreciate the wonderful Sharples Separator, which skims clean at *all* speeds. The womenfolks or the children can turn it as slow as they please and still get all the cream. And you, yourself, when tired, can safely slacken down without any cream loss—a thing you could do with no other separator.

SHARPLES

Famous Suction-feed

"Skims clean at any Speed"

SEPARATOR

—the *only* separator that will skim clean at widely-varying speeds
—the *only* separator that gives cream of unchanging thickness—all speeds
—the *only* separator that will skim your milk quicker when you turn faster
—the *only* separator with just *one* piece in the bowl—no discs, easiest to clean
—the *only* separator with knee-low supply tank and once-a-month oiling

Over a million Sharples users! Made and guaranteed practically forever by the oldest and greatest separator factory in America. Bring in the whole family, and we'll show you the *exclusive* advantages of this wonderful machine

CHAS. W. MASSER

Genuine Sharples repairs and oils carried in stock

2A17

EFFICIENT PROTECTION

At no greater cost to your estate than if employing an individual, you can secure for the protection of your heirs a guardian which

is always at its place of business.
is never on a vacation.
will not move from the city.
is not subject to illness.
will not grow old and feeble.
will not die.

See your lawyer.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pa.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.

The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

The Miner $2 per year

The RIVER

By EDNAH AIKEN

© THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER I.

Marshall Sends for Rickard.

The large round clock was striking nine as "Casey" Rickard's dancing step carried him into the outer office of Tod Marshall. The ushering clerk, coatless and vestless in expectation of the third hot spring day, made a critical appraisement of the engineer's get-up before he spoke. Then he stated that Mr. Marshall had not yet come.

For a London tie and a white silk shirt belted into white serge trousers were smart for Tucson. The clerks in the employ of the Overland Pacific and of the Sonora and Yaqui railroads had stared at Rickard as he entered; they followed his progress through the room. He was a newcomer in Tucson. He had not yet acquired the apathetic habits of its citizens. He wore belts, instead of suspenders. His white trousers, duck or serge, carried a newly pressed crease each morning.

The office had not reached a verdict on the subject of K. C. Rickard. The shirt-sleeved, collarless clerks would have been quick to dub him a dandy were it not for a page of his history that was puzzling them. He had held a chair of engineering in some eastern city. He had resigned, the wind-tossed page said, to go on the road as a fireman. His rapid promotion had been spectacular; the last move, a few years ago, to fill an office position in Tucson. The summons had found him on the west coast of Mexico, where the Overland Pacific was pushing its tracks.

"You can wait here," suggested the clerk, looking covertly at the shoes of the man who a few years before had been shoveling coal on a Wyoming engine. "Mr. Marshall said to wait."

"Ribbons, instead of shoe laces!" carped the human machine that must ever write letters which other men sign. "And a blue pin to match his tie! I call that going some!"

It would never have occurred to Rickard, had he thought about it at all that morning as he knotted his tie of dark, brilliant blue silk, that the selection of his lapis pin was a choice; it was an inevitable result, an instinctive discretion of his fingers. It warped, however, the suspended judgment of Marshall's men, who had never seen him shoveling coal, disfigured by a denim jumper. They did not know that they themselves were slovens, ruined by the climate that dulls vanity and wilts collars.

"Give him a year to chuck some of his fine habits," wagered Smythe, the stoop-shouldered clerk, as the door of the inner office closed.

"To change his habits less!" amended one of the office wit. And then they fell to speculating what Marshall was going to do with him. What pawn was he in the game that everyone in Tucson followed with eager self-interested concern? Marshall was the controlling hand in Arizona politics; the maker of governors, the arbiter of big corporations; president of a half-dozen railroads. Not a move of his on the board that escaped notice.

On the other side of the door Rickard was echoing the office question. This thing is, where did it lead to? He had liked his work under Stratton. There were some pretty problems to solve—what did Marshall mean to do with him?

He looked at his watch and set the appointment for nine. Rickard glanced at his watch again, took out his Engineering Record—it would be ten before that door opened on Tod Marshall!

He knew him on the road, Marshall's work began at dawn. "A man won't break from overwork or rust from inaction if he follows the example of the sun," Rickard had often heard Tod expound his favorite theory. "It is only the players, the sybarites, who can afford to pervert the arrangements intended for us." But in Tucson, controlled by the wifely solicitude of his Claudia, he was credited with a regular perversion. His office never saw him until the morning was well—

A half hour later Rickard finished reading a report on the diversion of a great western river. The name of Thomas Hardin had sent him off on a tangent of memory. The Thomas Hardin whose efforts to bring water to the desert of the Colorado had been so spectacularly unsuccessful was the Tom Hardin he had known! The sister had told him so; the girl with the odd bronze eyes—not matrix they were, with glints of gold, or was it green? She herself was as unlike the raw lava of his memory as a mountain lily is like the coarse rock of its background. Even a half-sister to Hardin, as Marshall, their host at dinner the week before, had explained it—no, even that did not explain it. That any of the Hardin blood should be shared by the veins of that girl, why it was incredible! The name "Hardin" suggested crudity, loud-mouthed bragging; conceit. He could understand the failure of the river project since the sister had assured him that it was the same Tom Hardin who had gone to college at Lawrence; had married Gerty Holmes. Queer business, life, that he should cross, even so remotely, their orbits again. That was a chapter he liked to skip.

He walked over to the windows, shielded by bright awnings, and looked down on the city where the

He Walked to the Window.

next few years of his life might be caught. Comforting to reflect that an engineer is like a soldier, never can be certain about tomorrow. Time enough to know that tomorrow meant Tucson). What was that threadbare proverb in the Overland Pacific that Tod Marshall always keeps his men until they lose their teeth? That defined the men who made themselves necessary!

His eyes were resting on the banalities of the modern city that had robbed "old town" of its flavor. Were it not for the beauty of the distant hills, the jar and rumble of the trains whose roar called to hear-by pleasure cities, twinkling lights and crowded theaters, stretches of parks and recreation grounds, he, who loved the thrill and excitement of an engine, who had found enticement in a desert, a chapter of adventure in the barrancas of Mexico, would stride in Tucson! American progress was as yet too thin a veneer on Mexican indifference to make the place endurable—as a city.

"I'm good for a lifetime here, if I want it," his thoughts would work back to the starting place. "If I knuckle down to it, let him grow to depend on me, it's as good as settled that I am buried in Tucson!" Hadn't he heard Marshall himself say that he "didn't keep a kindergarten—that his office wasn't a training school for men!" He wanted his men to stay! That, one of the reasons of the great man's power; detail rested on the shoulders of his employees. It kept his own brain clear, receptive to big achievements.

Perhaps as the work unrolls, as I see more of what he wants of me, why he wants me, I may like it. I may get to shout for Tucson!" It was impossible enough to stifle over! Child's work, compared to Mexico.

The distinction of serving Marshall well certainly had its drawbacks. He wanted to sweep on. Whether he had a definite terminal, a concrete goal, had he ever stopped to think? Specialization had always a fascination for him. It was that which had thrown him out of his instructorship into the firebox of a western engine. It had governed his course at college—to know one thing well, and then to prove that he knew it well! Contented in the Mexican barracks; here he was chafing, restive, after a few weeks of Tucson. For what was he getting here? Adding what scrap of experience to the rounding of his profession?

Retrospectively engineering could hardly be said to be the work of his choice. Rather had it appeared to choose him. From boyhood engineers had always been, to him, the soldiers of modern civilization. To conquer and subdue mountains, to shackle wild rivers, to suspend trestles over dizzy heights, to throw the tracks of an advancing civilization along a newly blazed trail, there would always lie a thrill in it for him. It had changed the best quarterback of his high school into the priminest of students at college. Only for a short time had he let his vanity sidetrack him, when the honor of teaching what he had learned stopped his own progress. A rut!—He remembered the day when it had burst on him, the realization of the rut he was in. He could see his Lawrence schoolroom, could see yet the face under the red-haired mop belonging to Jerry Matson—queer he remembered the name after all those years! He could picture the look of consternation when he threw down his book and announced his desertion.

He had laughed in his resignation the next day. A month later and he was shoveling coal on the steep grades of Wyoming.

"Marshall keeps his men with him!" The engineer's glance traveled around the fleckless office. A stranger to Marshall would get a wrong idea of the man who worked in it! Those precise files, the desk, orderly and polished, the gleaming linoleum—and then the man who made the negro janitor's life a proud burden! His clothes always crumpled—spots, too, unless his Claudia had had a chance at them! Black string tie askew, all the outward visible signs of the southern gentleman of assured ancestry. Not even a valet would ever keep Tod Marshall up to the standard of that office. What did he have servants for, he had demanded of Rickard, if it were not to jump after him, picking up the loose ends he dropped?

Curious thing, magnetism. That man's step on the stair, and every man-jack of them would jump to attention, from Ben, the colored janitor, who would not swap his post for a sinecure so long as Tod Marshall's one lung kept him in Arizona, to Smythe, the stoop-shouldered clerk, who had followed Marshall's cough from San Francisco. It was said in Arizona—he himself had met the statement in Tucson—that any man who had ever worked for Tod Marshall would rather be warmed by the reflection of his greatness than be given posts of personal distinction.

Was it office routine Marshall intended him for? He admired without stint Tod Marshall, but he preferred to work by the side of the other kind, the strong men, without physical handicap, the men who take risks, the men who live the life of soldiers. That was the life he wanted. He would wait long enough to get Marshall's intention, and then, if it meant—this! he would break loose. He would go back to the front where he belonged—back to the firing line.

As the hands of the round clock in the outer office were pointing to ten the door opened and Marshall entered. His clothes, of indefinite blackish hue, would have disgraced an eastern man. His string tie had a starboard list, and his hat was ready for a rummage sale. But few would have looked at his clothes. The latent energy of the dynamic spirit that would frequently turn that quiet office into a maelstrom gleamed in those Indian-black eyes. Beneath the shabby cloth one suspected the daily polished skin; under the old slouch hat was the mouth of purpose, the lips that no woman, even his Claudia, had kissed without the thrill of fear.

Marshall glanced back at the clock, and then toward his visitor.

"On time!" he observed.

Rickard, smiling, put his book in his pocket.

CHAPTER II.

A Bit of Oratory.

Marshall threw his hat on a chair, the morning paper on his desk. He aimed his burned-out cigar at the nearest cuspidor, but it fell foul, the ashes scattering over Sam's lately scoured linoleum. Instantly there was appearance of settled disorder. Marshall emptied his pockets of loose papers, spreading them out on his flat-top desk.

"Sit down!"

Rickard took the chair at the other side of the desk.

Marshall rang a bell. Instantly the shirt-sleeved clerk entered.

"I shall not see anyone," the chief announced. "I don't want to be interrupted. Take these to Smythe."

His eyes followed the shutting of the door, then turned square upon Rickard. "I need you. It's a h—l of a mess!"

The engineer wanted to know what kind of a "mess" it was.

"That river. It's running away from them. I'm going to send you down to stop it."

"The Colorado!" exclaimed Rickard. It was no hose to be turned simply, off from a garden bed.

"Of course you've been following it? It's one of the biggest things that's happened in this part of the world. Too big for the men who have been trying to swing it. You've followed it?"

"Yes." Queer coincidence, reading that report just now! "I've not been there. But the engineering papers used to get to me in Mexico. I've read all the reports."

His superior's question was uncharacteristically superfluous. Who had not read with thrilled nerves of that wild river which men had been trying to put under work harness? Who, even among the stay-at-homes, had not followed the newspaper stories of the failure to make a meek servant and water carrier of the Colorado, that wild steed of mountain and desert? What engineer, no matter how remote, would not "follow" that spectacular struggle between men and Titans?

"Going to send me to Salton?" he inquired. The railroad had been kept jumping to keep its feet dry. His job to be by that inland sea which last year had been desert!

"No. Brainerd is there. He can manage the tracks. I am going to send you down to the break."

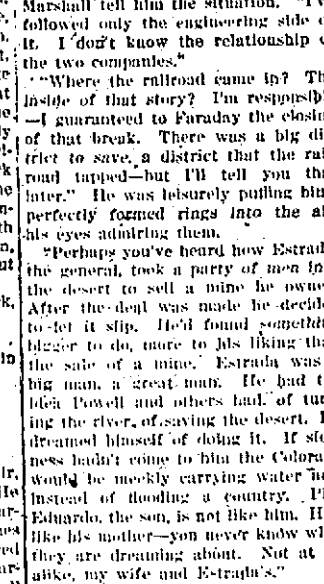
Rickard did not answer. He felt the questioning eyes of his chief.

The break—where those Hardins were—how in thunder was he going to get out of that, and save his skin? Marshall liked his own way—

"We'll consider it settled, then."

"Who's in charge there?" Rickard was only gaining time. He thought he knew the name he would hear. Marshall's first word surprised him.

"No one. Up to a few months ago it was Hardin, Tom Hardin. He was general manager of the company. He was allowed to resign, to save his



"I Am Going to Send You Down to the Break."

face, as the Chinese say. I may tell you that it was a case of firing. He'd made a terrible fluke down there."

"I know," murmured Rickard. It was growing more difficult, more distasteful. If Marshall wanted him to supplant Hardin! It had been incredible, that man's folly! Reckless gambling, nothing else. Make a cut in the banks of a wild river, without putting in head gates to control it; a child would guess better! It was a problem now, all right; the writer of the report he'd just read wasn't the only one who was prophesying failure. Let the river cut back, and the government works at Laguna would be useless; a pickle Hardin had made.

Still to gain time he suggested that Marshall tell him the situation. "I've followed only the engineering side of it. I don't know the relationship of the two companies."

"Where the railroad came in? The inside of that story? I'm responsible—I guaranteed to Faraday the closing of that break. There was a big district to save, a district that the railroad tapped—but I'll tell you that later." He was leisurely puffing blue, perfectly formed rings into the air, his eyes admiring them.

"Perhaps you've heard how Estrada, the general, took a party of men into the desert to sell a mine he owned. After the deal was made he decided to let it slip. He'd found something bigger to do, more to his liking than the sale of a mine. Estrada was a big man, a great man. He had the idea Powell and others had of turning the river, of saving the desert. He dreamed himself of doing it. If sickness hadn't come to him the Colorado would be meekly carrying water now instead of flooding a country. Pity Eduardo, the son, is not like him. He's like his mother—you never know what they are dreaming about. Not at all alike, my wife and Estrada's."

Then it came to Rickard that he had heard somewhere that Marshall and General Estrada had married sisters, famous beauties of Guadalajara. He began to piece together the personal background of the story.

"It was a long time before Estrada could get it started, and it's a long story. As soon as he began he was knocked down. Other men took hold. You'll hear it all in the valley. Hardin took a day to tell it to me! He sees himself as a martyr. Promoters got in; the thing swelled into a swindle, a spectacular swindle. They showed orange's on Broadway before a drop of water was brought in. Hardin has lots of grievances! He'd made the original survey. So when he sued for his back wages he took the papers of the bankrupt company in settlement. He's a grim sort of ineffectual builder. He's clung with his teeth to the Estrada idea. And he's not big enough for it. He uses the optimistic method—gives you only half of a case, half of the problem, gets started on a false premise. Well, he got up another company on that method, the Desert Reclamation company, tried to whitewash the desert project; it was a bad odor, then, and he managed to bring a few drops of water to the desert."

"It was Hardin who did that?"

"But he couldn't deliver enough. The cut silted up. He cut again, the same story. He was in a pretty bad hole. He'd brought colonists in already; he'd used their money, the money they'd paid for land with water, to make the cuts. No wonder he was desperate."

It recalled the man Rickard had disliked, the rough-shod, loud-voiced student of his first class in engineering. That was the man who had made the flamboyant carpets of the Holmes' boarding house impossible any longer to him. He had a sudden disconcerting vision of a large unfinished face peering through the honeysuckles at a man and a girl drawing apart in confusion from their first and last kiss. He wanted to tell Marshall he was wasting his time.

"Overwhelmed with lawsuits," Marshall was saying. "Hardin had to deliver water to those colonists. It was then that he ran over into Mexico so as to get a better gradient for his canal, and made his cut there. You know the rest. It ran away from him. It made the Salton sea."

"Did he ever give you any reason?" frowned Rickard reminiscently, "any reasonable reason why he made that cut without any head gate?"

"No inquest!" shrugged Marshall, getting out another cigar. "I told you he's a raw dancer, always starts off too quick, begins on the wrong foot. Oh, yes, he has reasons, lots of them that fellow, but, as you say, they're not reasonable. He never waits to get ready."

Why was it that the face of the half-sister came to Rickard then, with that look of sensitive high breeding and guarded reserve? And she a Hardin! Sister to the loud-spilling mouth! Queer cards nature deals! And pretty cards Marshall was trying to deal out to him. Go down there and finish Hardin's job, show him up to be the fumbler he was, give him orders, give the husband of Gerty Holmes orders—!

"It was Hardin who came to me, but not until he'd tried everything else. They'd worked for months trying to dam the river with a few lace handkerchiefs, and perhaps a chiffon veil!" Marshall was twinkling over his own humor. "Hardin did put up a good talk. It was true, as he said; we'd had to move our tracks three, no, four times at Salton. It was true that it ought to be one of the richest districts tapped by the C. P. But he clenched me by a clever bait—to put out a spur in Mexico which would keep any other railroad off by a fifty-mile parallel, and there the sandhills make a railroad impossible.

"The government must eventually come to the rescue. Their works at Laguna hang on the control of the river down at the heading. Once, he told me—I don't know how much truth there was in it—the service, reclamation service, did try to buy up their plant for a paltry sum. He wouldn't sell. The short is, I recommended long-sighted assistance to Faraday. I promised to turn that river, save the district. We expected before the year was out to have the government take the responsibility off our hands."

Rickard made an impatient shrug. A nice problem Marshall had taken unto himself. He wanted none of it Hardin—the thing was impossible.

He met laggardly Marshall's story. He heard him say: "Agreed with Faraday. The Desert Reclamation company was as helpless as a swaddled infant. We made the condition that we reorganize the company. I was put in Hardin's place as president of the corporation, and he was made general manager. Of course we had to control the stock. We put up two hundred thousand dollars—Hardin had estimated it would cost us less than half that! It's cost us already a million. Things haven't been going right. Faraday's temper burst out and Hardin a while back was asked to resign."

"And it is Hardin's position that you want me to fill?" His voice sounded queer to himself—dry, mocking, as if anyone should know what an odd thing he was being asked to do. He felt Marshall's sharp Indian eyes on him, as if detecting a pettiness. Well, he didn't care how Marshall interpreted it. That place wasn't for him.

"I want you in control down there." Rickard knew he was being appraised balanced all over again. It made no difference—

"I'm sorry," he was beginning, when Marshall cut in.

"Good Lord, you are not going to turn it down?"

He met Marshall's incredulous stare. "It's a job I'd jump at under most circumstances. But I can't go, sir."

Tom Marshall leaned back the full swing of his swivel chair, blankly astounded. His eyes told Rickard that he had been found wanting—he had white blood in his veins.

"It is good of you to think of me—pshaw! It is absurd to say these things. You know that I know it is an honor to be picked out by you for such a piece of work. I'd like to—but I can't."

The president of railroads, who knew men, had been watching the

"Just Stop That River!"

play of feature. "Take your time," he said. "Don't answer too hastily. Take your time."

He was playing the fool, or worse, before Marshall, whom he respected whose partisanship meant so much. But he couldn't help it. He couldn't tell that story—he knew that Marshall would brush it aside as a child's epithet. He couldn't make it clear to the man whose stare was bulldozing him why he could not oust Tom Hardin.

"Is it a personal reason?" Marshall's gaze had returned to his ring making.

Rickard admitted it was personal.

"Then I don't accept it. I wouldn't be your friend if I didn't advise you to disregard the little thing, to take the big thing. Maybe you are going to be married." He did not wait for Rickard's vigorous negative. "That can wait. The river won't. There's a river running away down yonder ruining the valley, ruining the homes of families men have carried in with them. I've asked you to save them. There's a debt of honor to be paid. My promise. I have asked you to pay it. There's history being written in that desert. I've asked you to write it. And you say 'No—'"

"No! I say yes!" slipped Rickard. The Marshall oratory had swept him to his feet.

The dramatic moment was chilled by their Anglo-Saxon self-consciousness. An awkward silence hung. Then:

"When can you go?"

"Today, tomorrow, the first train out."

"Good!"

"Any instructions?"

"Just stop that river!"

"The expense!" demanded the engineer. "How far can I go."

"D—n the expense!" cried Tod Marshall. "Just go ahead."

(Continued next week.)

BETTER THAN ANY TORPEDO

Col Harta Beetem Says He Employed Powerful Sawfish to Complete Discomfiture of Enemy.

"Speaking of submarines," observed Col. Harta Beetem, "I must tell you of a little experience I had while in China some 40 odd years ago.

"Well, it seems that it is claimed in China that the first submarine was invented by Chew Hang Bang 2,000 years ago or so. A very serviceable craft it was, too, egad, and the Fee Sins, in their war against the Dow Gits, across Ying Fut bay, were using them with great success. The idea of the things piqued my interest, doncha know, and with my usual luck I was given command of the U-Chop, a completely outfitted undersea fighter, equipped with self-starter, one-man top and running water.

"Well, bah Jove, the second day out Chow Dong, at the telescope, sighted an enemy cruiser. 'Mes-spy shippee!' he yells, and the gunners leap to their torpedo-ejector, only to find that we had, through some inadvertence, left shore without a single blessed torpedo! Well, gentlemen, at that moment a giant Chinese ting-tang, or sawfish, the strongest and deadliest of the species, began to deploy about the U-Chop, looking for a chance to saw us in half.

"With my usual instantaneousness of action I saw the way to kill two birds with one stone. Maneuvering the U-Chop so that the ting-tang was always forced to keep his nose forward us, I drove him at lightning speed, tail on, toward the enemy cruiser. When that steel-like saw of a tail rammed into the side of the cruiser and then began to thrash about you can imagine the result, gentlemen!"—Detroit Free Press.

GOT THEM PULLING TOGETHER

What Happened When Spirit of Co-operation Got Busy With Band of Foolish, Patriotic Citizens.

One day a traveler came to a village green upon which a number of citizens stood in a disorganized and exhausted fashion about a flag pole. "And who are these men?" asked the traveler.

"They are patriotic citizens," he was told, "who are trying to raise the flag to the top of the pole. Each one, however, has his own method of rope-pulling, and though they are very strong and determined to raise the flag and though, as you can see, each one is putting all his strength in the work, nothing seems to happen. We spectators are afraid that they will spend so much time in argument that the flag will never be raised at all."

"This is very interesting," said the traveler.

He approached the group and addressed it. "Patriots," he said, "if you will stand with me a moment and all pull the rope steadily in one direction, your object will be accomplished."

"But we have different ideas of direction," they told him.

"We will discuss those afterward," said the traveler; "in the meantime let us take one long, strong pull together and see what happens."

With much distrust his suggestion was acted upon, the flag went swiftly to the top of the pole and opened gloriously above the cheering populace.

The patriots wiped their heated brows and looked at each other.

"If that thought had occurred to us some time ago," said one, "a great deal of our valuable time might have been saved."

"Also," remarked the traveler, who by this time had been recognized by several as the Spirit of Co-operation, "the flag would have been flying much sooner."

No Need to Be Alarmed.

James brought his pet bulldog to the store. As the dog looked vicious, I moved away from him. James looked up quickly, then said: "Never mind him; he ain't biteous."—Exchange.

George Washington

The winged years that winnow praise and blame
Blow many names out; they but fan to flame
The self-reviving splendors of this name.
—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MET DEATH AS BRAVE SOLDIER

Last of "Fighting Washingtons" Killed in Skirmish of Civil War.

SERVED UNDER GENERAL LEE

Col. John Augustine Washington, Virginian, "Went With His State" and Breathed His Last in Historic Gray Uniform.

MOUNT VERNON, Virginia, the former home of George and Martha Washington, and the most interesting mansion in the United States, has had a continuous interesting history connected with it, aside from the associations with the first president of the United States and the first of the first ladies of the land.

Colonel Washington, who had become proprietor of the paternal estates on the Rappahannock, acquired the magnificent domain of Mount Vernon upon the death of the widow of his half brother, Lawrence Washington, and shortly after his marriage he began to occupy it and it was his home up to the time of his death.

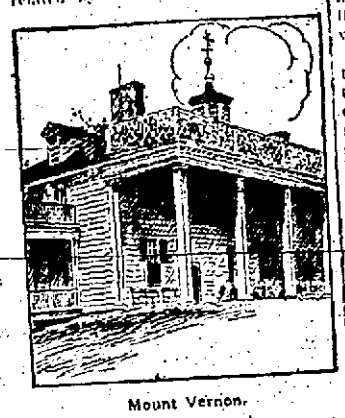
Upon the death of Martha Washington, on May 22, 1802, about 4,000 acres of the Mount Vernon estate, including the mansion, were inherited by Judge Bushrod Washington, the third child of John Augustine Washington. Judge Washington was a justice of the Supreme court of the United States and took up his residence at Mount Vernon, where he dispensed a liberal hospitality and kept intact his inherited landed estate to the time of his death.

Judge Washington had no children, and following the example of his illustrious uncle, he provided for his wife during her lifetime, and then disposed of his estate to his nephews and nieces, giving specific directions and leaving the mansion house and Mount Vernon farm proper, with restricted bounds, to his nephew, John Augustine Washington, and Mount Vernon was inherited by this John's son of the same name, from whom the home and 200 acres were purchased in 1858 by the society which now controls it and cares for it.

The work of obtaining the necessary funds—$200,000—for the purchase was started by Miss Pamela Cunningham of South Carolina, who became the first regent. The vice regents each appointed state committees and the money raised was nearly all in dollar subscriptions. The greatest amount of money raised by any individual was the profits accruing from the lectures on Washington delivered in most of the large cities by Edward Everett.

The last private owner of Mount Vernon was Col. John Augustine Washington. On the breaking out of hostilities between the states, Colonel Washington became a volunteer aid, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and was killed September 15, 1861, while conducting a reconnoissance on the turnpike along Elk Water river, Randolph county, West Virginia.

The following account of his death is not contained in history, but was related by Col. J. H. Morrow, who



Mount Vernon.

commanded a brigade of four regiments under Gen. George B. McClellan in the West Virginia campaign at the time, and in whose arms Colonel Washington expired. General Lee had established his headquarters at Brady's tollgate on the old state turnpike. The bluffs on the opposite side of the river from the old road had been heavily picketed by Federal soldiers for several miles, extending from Colonel Morrow's camp below quite up to Brady's gate.

Owing to the mountainous character of the surrounding country, General Lee was imperfectly informed in this regard, and directed Colonel Washington, with a detachment, to proceed by the new road to the forks at or near Brady's gate and then down the old road, cautioning him not to venture beyond a certain point. Washington, however, it appears, probably actuated by overzeal and anxiety to be able to report valuable information, went beyond the point indicated.

His movements along the entire route on the old road were, it seems, fully observed by the pickets, and immediately after he finally started on his return a volley was delivered from the picket line and Washington was seen to reel from his horse, which galloped away with the retreating escort.

Colonel Washington was apparently the only one stricken by the volley. Colonel Morrow states that he was standing but a short distance from where Washington fell and hurried to the spot and discovered him to be an officer of rank. He knelt by him and raised him so as to enable him to recline against his breast, and directed one of his men standing near, and who wore a felt hat, to run and fill it with water from the stream. Colonel Morrow bathed the wounded man's forehead and endeavored to press water between his lips from a saturated

He Knelt by Him and Raised Him.

handkerchief, but he could not swallow, as blood was flowing from his mouth and nose, and in a few minutes later he was dead. His death marked the end of the fighting Washingtons.—Philadelphia Press.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It stands apart—alone—supreme,
A shaft of stone—matchless—sublime;
It marks a nation's grand esteem
For one, "our father for all time."
Plain, unadornèd immaculate,
It rises high toward heaven;
No name is graven, neither date;
No name is carved, nor yet is written.
All know the history so unwritten.
This peerless pile of solid stone
Is not a sphinx, nor yet a tomb;
It speaks; it lives, and beckons on
The generations yet to come.
Fit monument for one so great—
His country's pride and boast;
His spirit banishes all hate
And binds the states from coast to coast.

NEVER DAZZLED BY POWER

Nothing but Purest Patriotism Ever Actuated Washington in Any of His Official Acts.

It was not necessary for Washington to thrice put aside a crown, as did Caesar, for the authors of the communication to Washington knew too well the character of the man and that it would be impossible to in any way swerve him from his expressed resolve.

In perfect keeping with the spirit in which Washington treated the dazzling offer which was so unexpectedly set before him, was the simplicity of his conduct in bidding adieu to his comrades-in-arms, and then presenting himself before congress, there to deliver up his sword and voluntarily divest himself of the supreme command.

Washington assembled his army for the last time at Newburgh. To the tune of "Roslin Castle"—the soldiers' dirge—his brave comrades passed slowly by their great leader and filed away to their respective homes.

Before congress at Annapolis on December 23, 1783, he delivered his commission amid scenes almost as impressive as his leave-taking from his army. From that august body he retired to his home at Mount Vernon with no thought of further honors from his country, and it was with reluctance that he left his retirement when chosen the first president of the United States.

When Washington Was Abused.

In the Morris house on August 12, 1795, Washington signed the Jay treaty with England, losing thereby most of his remnant of support in the house of representatives. Abuse culminated in the serious suggestion to impeach him. The constitution having for obvious reasons confined the treaty-making power to the executive and the senate, Washington refused to grant the request of the house of representatives for the correspondence leading up to the treaty. The storm of indignation that followed did not spare even his personal character. "A Calm Observer" stated in a newspaper that Washington had stolen $4,750.

Washington on Preparedness.

If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful ensurements of our rising prosperity it must be known that we are at all times ready for war.—George Washington.

HOUNDS COULD NOT FORGET

Faithful Animals Long Remembered Young Master Who Met Tragic Death a Year Ago.

It has often been said that a "dog is a man's best friend." This has certainly proved true in the case of Johnny Iverson, a fifteen-year-old boy, who froze to death during the big snowstorm about a year ago on the banks of Spring river, says a Stillwater (Okla.) dispatch.

When the body of the unfortunate boy was found two large greyhounds sat shivering in the snow guarding their young master's remains from wolves and other wild beasts.

After the boy's burial the two faithful hounds would make almost daily trips out to the cemetery and sit for hours at his grave. On these days they would not partake of a bite to eat until they returned to the Iverson home.

Many have followed the dogs to the cemetery out of curiosity to see what they would do. They were often found lying there, one on each side of the grave, their heads between their paws, as if in silent prayer.

Last summer the dogs were seen to gather wild pansies and violets in their mouths and trot off toward the cemetery, where they would deposit the flowers upon the boy's grave. These flowers were favorites with the lad. About a month ago the two dogs appeared to be sick.

A veterinary surgeon was called from Stillwater, but after examining the dogs he declared that he could find nothing wrong with them. However, they still refused to eat and finally disappeared.

NO THOUGHT OF GRATITUDE

Hungry School Teacher Unfortunately Had "Cast Bread Upon the Waters" in Vain.

Two Hoosier teachers were traveling through Canada the other day. They had to take a very early train, and as a result intended to eat breakfast in the dining car. But there was no dining car in the train. Hungrily they faced the prospect of a day of fasting, for they would not arrive at their destination until late afternoon. "We have two cakes of chocolate," said one, taking stock of their possessions. "Will you eat yours now or wait a while?"

The second ate her cake then, trusting to luck to find a station lunchroom. But the first waited until noon and ate. A mother and two small children had settled themselves in the seat opposite the teachers.

Finally she took the cake of chocolate from its happy anticipation and then unwrapped it. But the two youngsters were against her knee, and they, too, were looking at it with happy anticipation. Of course it was divided between them.

Half an hour later the mother opened her grip and out came the family lunch of fried chicken, sandwiches, etc. But any one bite did the generous teacher get. "What was that about a cup of cold water?" she asked the other teacher hintingly.

The woman with the full basket waved it coldly. Then she took a drinking cup from her grip and extended it. "You may have it," she offered, "and there's paper cups at the car."—Indianapolis News.

His Narrow Escapes.

"Yas—well, suh, I's back f'um wanderin' all over de face-o'-creation," said Brother Shook, who had been absent for some time. "When nuth yuh wife run off wid dat gamblin' man I quit home, and I's been on de go ever since."

"Did yo' ketch up wid 'em?" asked Brother Bobby.

"Did I ketch up wid 'em? Man, dey kept ketchin' up wid me, do best I could do. When dat scoun'el stole nuh wife I left so's I wouldn't be yuh when he brang her back. And, bless goodness, everywhuhs I went dar dey was, 'twell it got to be like a bad dream. But de white folks finally slapped de gamblin' man in jail and nuh wife's fust husband come along and she took up wid him. And I come smilin' home to peace and happiness."—Kansas City Star.

New Enemy of the Oak.

Reports of the defoliation of various species of oak have come into the forest service offices from western Washington, the Rogue River valley and the Willamette valley, according to District Forester Cecil.

This defoliation has been caused by a caterpillar known as the western oak looper worm, which operates from Oregon to British Columbia, and which has been known to defoliate the oak in certain areas for several years in succession. Successful methods of controlling this caterpillar have been devised by the bureau of entomology.

Lettuce in Winter.

An early spring supply of lettuce is assured British women gardeners who have adopted the glass-jar method this past winter. Large jars inverted over the lettuce head protect the plant from frost. This system is specially desirable, since it keeps land working throughout the whole year.

His Manner Imperfect.

"I knows a janitor," said Uncle Eben, "dat wishes folks 'Happy New Year' in a way dat don't make 'em any happier dan if he was a bill collector."

Precision.

"Is the car ahead a smoker?"
"No, sir."
"But I see some men in it smoking."
"Oh they are."

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

The Roughneck is telling about what a Tough Guy he is, and how he is Known around home as Bad Bill. In reality, he isn't Bad so much as he is Dirty and Lazy, and if he lived in a Big City with the real Wild Ones, his Name would be Sweet William. This Guy impresses Nobody but the Kids.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

The Hopeful Gardener thinks he is Going to Beat the High Cost of Living this year by Clever Work with the Hoe, while the Neighbor's Chicken wonder how soon Those Seeds are going to be Unwrapped, so the Feast can begin. Were it not for Neighbor's Chickens, Gardening would be a Cinch.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

If your name is Smith, you've met the Village Cut-Up, for on being introduced, he says, "Smith? I've heard that Name before." This may be Funny but men have been Killed for less. If he Wants to Know how Funny he really is, he should Try to Sell some of his Humor to the Comic Papers.

FOLKS WE ALL KNOW

"The Civil War" Veteran is telling of his Greatest Battle, which is as fresh in his Mind as though it had happened Yesterday. The Veterans are nearing the call of "Taps," but they have lived to see even the Youngest of us Appreciate what they went through in the Fiery Days of the Sixties.

WILL BE NO SMALL STATE

Czecho-Slovakia Could at Once Take Rank as Eighth World Power, Asserts Writer.

We are told the Czecho-Slovak state will be a small one, and as a result its existence will be precarious, assuming the world shall remain in anything like its present condition of international disorganization. Charles Pergler writes in Asia Magazine. In the first place, as modern states go, the new state will not be a small one, having a population of about 12,000,000, and the area of the new state will be about 50,000 English square miles. When we recollect that Belgium has 11,373 square miles, it is seen at a glance that the new state can hardly be classed as small. Moreover, the belief in the necessity of large states, rife in certain circles of economic and political theorists, and largely based upon certain teachings of Karl Marx, is one of the superstitions that periodically appear, in order to be abandoned upon a sober second thought.

The theory that small states and nations cannot succeed is not borne out by history. Even prior to the war there were in Europe 27 states, and the great majority of these were small. There were only six of the so-called great powers: Russia, Germany, Austria-Hungary, England, France and Italy. Portugal, Denmark, Switzerland, Bulgaria, Belgium, Norway, Servia, Greece, Holland, Sweden, Montenegro and Turkey are all, or were, smaller than the state we are attempting to describe. The latter will hold in Europe the eighth place, only England, Poland, France, Italy, Spain and Russia being larger.

FIGHTERS GOT THEIR "EATS"

How American Soldiers at the Front Were Supplied by the Commissary With Food.

The service of supply of the American army receives a lion's share of praise for our victory. Needs of men in the trenches and on the fighting line were well cared for. Hot meals were served to them to an extent unprecedented in any other war. Under barrage fire and gas attacks, however, hot food could not be carried forward. To meet this difficulty sealed containers were provided, each holding sufficient food for 25 men for a day. These containers were absolutely air tight to prevent poisoning of food by gas. They contained a dry, hard corn bread, corned beef, corned-beef hash, roast beef, salmon, sardines, salt, sugar and coffee soluble in cold water, together with the necessary can openers. Each container weighed 107 pounds and was cleverly camouflaged for its trip to the firing line. An emergency ration similar to the "iron ration" of the British army was provided for the Americans. This was the ration they carried over the top and used only in dire extremity. It consists of ground meat and wheat pressed into a cake, and a block of sweet chocolate. The cake can be eaten dry or stirred into cold water. One cake boiled four minutes in three pints of water makes a nourishing soup, in one pint of water an acceptable porridge. The S. O. S. relied upon its mighty accumulation of foods from America for everything except fresh vegetables. It was almost independent in this respect, however, for 10,000,000 pounds of dehydrated vegetables were contracted for in the United States.—Thomas F. Logan in Leslie's.

Praise "Stars and Stripes."

Newspaper men, magazine men, literati and, in fact, everyone in America interested in extolling the spirit of the Yank invasion of Europe, should by all means read copies of "that great voice of the American expeditionary forces," the Stars and Stripes. Letters from pals and relatives paint little intimate tableaux of the extraordinary life of the Yankees in France, but a few copies of the Stars and Stripes can rear an atmosphere which hundreds of excellent letters could not begin to comprise. The editors, by their work, show that they are regular fellows. They have the viewpoint of the buck private, as well as that of the gray-haired executive with the silver stars on the shoulders.—The Quill.

Wiping Out Wild Beasts.

One of the efforts of the state government of Arizona and the federal government in their campaign for the eradication of predatory animals, which cause large losses in range stock, is the employment of skilled hunters. Thirteen are now in the employ of the state and federal governments.

Other men are exterminating rodents which destroy ranges.

One of the hunters within two months has killed 11 mountain lions. Another killed 55 coyotes within a month.

No "Can't" in Banking.

The vice president of a big San Francisco bank remarked recently that they had run their business without any bank after the fire of 1906, without any money before the issue of clearing-house certificates in 1907 and without any men in the war-time influenza epidemic of 1918, offering further proof, if proof be needed, of the resourcefulness of bankers.—Pacific Banker.

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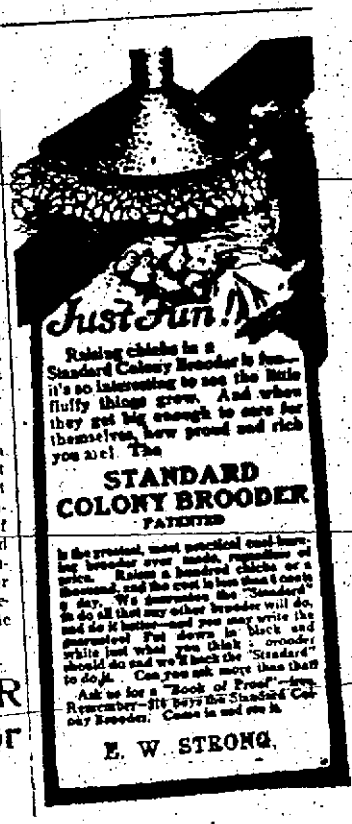
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E. W. STRONG.

THE EDGWOOD ARSENAL

(Continued from Page 1)

a day. Remember that these figures are not in pounds, as powder figures are usually given, but in tons. And a drop o fgas, properly placed, kills or incapacitates. What was the German production? I asked. We do not know, replied Colonel Walker, but from available data and estimates of military observers on the ground we do not think it was over thirty tons a day. It may have been fifty tons a day, but certainly no more

It was last October before the American government decided to manufacture poison gas on a scale commensurate with the rest of our military operations. It was November when ground was broken here, so that what you see is the work of less than a twelvemonth.

What I saw was a city of brick kilns and high chimneys, correlated vats in innumerable series, repeated shot towers, miles of railways, miles of elevated pipe lines, machinery of the finest type and the most perfect installation housed in concrete and sheet iron built apparently for permanence. It was all only a few miles from Gunpowder Creek, where were concrete piers built in the midst of the once fine duck hunting preserves. Gunpowder Creek runs into Chesepeake Bay, so that vessels loaded with the gases direct from the factory sailed to Havre without a stop. The government's investment here is 60,000,000. Elsewhere there has been spent at various subsidiary plants, about $12,000,000. Thus all told the United States has spent about $72,000,000 in the manufacture of toxic gases, practically none of which has any commercial value. The basic elements are salt, sulphur and alcohol, which, broken into component parts and chemically reunited, in some cases by means of heat, in others by means of cold, again by force of gravity, are caused to formed the mustard gas, the phosgene and phosphorus, the chlorine etc., which have been found effacious in warfare. For the cold processes vast refrigerators were built. These cover acres. Half a mile away were enormous boilers and hot rooms for fusing. Then curious towers of spindle steel looking like miniature Eiffel towers, scattered about the grounds, support pipes down which, in a diffent process, are dropped two chemical elements which thus are forced to fuse by gravity.

Chiefly impressive, once one became accustomed to the thought that all this ingenious, costly mechanism was built to generate poison for the sole purpose of horribly maiming and frightfully killing, was the orderliness, the immensity and the stability of the plant. The Bethlehem steel mills or the Bridgeport rifle works are no better built.

The most remarkable thing about this plant may not be apparent as you look at it, said Colonel Chaoon. It is the fact that when the Government started to build it there were no existing models for some of the machinery needed. There is where Col. Walker came in. He literally invented this factory while it was in process of being built. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world, and it had to be created and operated as we went along. The French and British both sent their best experts to assist us, but they stayed to get pointers to take back to their own Governments.

Major Auld, the chief British war expert on war gases, said frankly, I came to teach, but I stay to learn.

Growing had any amount of difficulties, as you may imagine, with labor. In the Eastern shops where we were only [illegible] and getting in Canada [illegible] and when we [illegible] and it became known [illegible] the poison was actually being produced our real troubles began.

[illegible] a stranger an accident occurred that will illustrate what we went through. The dust was very deep on the roads, and along one of them a heavy ox team, which kicked up enormous clouds of dust, some car penters working a piece off in the woods saw it, and some one started the cry, "A poison tank has burst!" That was enough. Those men started bearing it for the railroad two miles away, and as they ran they fast picked up company. By the time they reached the tracks here were 2,000 or 3,000 laborers in a panic stricken flight. The block signaler on the railroad saw them coming, set all his blocks, and ran. For three hours that afternoon the entire Pennsylvania system was tied up. In a bunk house eight negros were sleeping, it being a hot Summer afternoon, they were devoid of clothing. They heard the false alarm as the van of the flying crowd passed, leaped from their bunks, and ran, naked, down the tracks, reached an empty box car bound for Philadelphia, and which had just escaped the block set, entered it, and were seen no more. From that day to this no one knows what became of them. They didn't send for their clothes or ask for their pay.

Things like this happening made our job increasingly difficult. Finally we found that no one could or would do the work except soldiers, and the army then detailed to us the necessary allotments. When the armistice was signed we had more than 7,000 men, all drafted American citizens, doing the work for $30 a month, but without honor o rglory. At one time we had over 14,000.

The work of these boys is beyond praise, said Colonel Walker, who spoke of this phase of the activity with deep affectionate feeling. I have been striving to get the army authorities to recognize it by bestowing a Service Medal. I contend that no soldier on the firing line is more entitled to it. These fellows have been here risking their lives, day by day, for a pittance. Nothing but patriotism induced them to it. And every time he went to work he stood in immediate danger of serious injury and o losing his life. Just look at our casualty records.

I did look at the casualty records. I went through the hospitals; two enormous dormitories, perfectly equipped and permeating the atmosphere of a base hospital in France. I saw boys who had been stricken down by the fiendish gases while at work, some with arms and legs and trunks shriveled and scarred as by a horrible fire, some with the deep suppurations still oozing after weeks of careful nursing. In one case a drop of mustard oil had fallen from a conduit pipe under which a soldier had walked hitting his shoe. He wiped it off, thinking that made him safe. The next day his flesh began to peel. Now, five weeks later, his foot looks like a charred ember. Another had kicked over accidentally what he thought was an empty pipe. It contained phosphorus, which flew over his face and upper body. Now, weeks later, he is still a mass of horrible burns. Another case (one of the fatalities) was that of an officer who came in from the works to the office He wore rubber gloves, as they all do when near the gasses, but did not know he had been near enough to pick up the mustard oil. He poked up a chair and placed it in front of the desk, intending to seat himself. At that moment the telephone rang and he stopped to the wall to answer. A friend, another officer, entered and took the seat by the desk. Forty-eight hours later the second officer was dead. The first officer had accidentally rubbed mustard oil on the back of the chair. It went through the clothes and into the spine of the second.

In such an atmosphere one shudders and is quickly willing to indorse the recommendation of the command. ing officer that a soldier who dutifully performed his duty there has earned a Service Medal fully as much as any soldier who faces the enemy's fire in the field. In fact, when the figures are all finally published it may appear that no division in France has a higher percentage of casualty than was developed at the Edgewater Arsenal in Baltimore (the official name of the poison gas plant) in the month of August, this year. That was the month of excessive heat when he gasses were most volatile and when the weather made the soldiers somewhat relaxed in their vigilance to avoid accident.

During that month the hospitals were filled at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent. in the mustard gas plant per day or 100 per cent. casualty per month.

If that is the casuality which must be endured in making the stuff, can one imagine the casuality of the enemy who receives it? As to what this enemy had in prospect Colonel Walker further enlightened me.

We had been working for some time, he said, on an device whereby gas shell could be transported in large containers by airplane and released over fortresses of the Metz type and at last it was perfected, fully sixty days before the armistice was signed. Mustard has been found for allaround purposes, to be the most effective gas used in warfare, because it advances comparatively easily and also because it is the most difficult to protect against. People used to think prussic acid was terrible. Well! The Germans discarded the use of prussic acid because it was too mild and used mustard gas instead.

Our idea was to have containers that would hold a ton of mustard gas carried over Metz and Coblenz by plane, and released with a time fuse arranged for explosion several hundred feet above the forts. The mustard gas, being heavier than air, would then slowly settle while it also dispersed. A one ton container could thus be made to account for perhaps an acre or more of territory, and not one living thing, not even a rat would live through it. The planes were made and successfully demonstrated, the containers were made and we were turning out the mustard gas in the requisite quantities in September.

However, there were many obstacles besides the physical to overcome. The allied governments were not in favor of such wholesale gas attack by air. England was the first to accede to it, but France hesitated because of her fear of reprisals. Finally the French government consented but only with the proviso that the attack would not be made until our line had advanced so that there was no chance of the gas being blown back into French territory and until the allied command was in complete command of the air so as to insure safety from possible reprisals.

These two conditions could not have been met before next spring. It was then that we decided to release the one-ton containers over the German cities which were fortified and so become subject to attack under the laws of war.

We would have had ready in France for such an attack thousands of tons of mustard gas. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that we could have wiped out any German city we pleased to single out, and probably several of them, within a few hours of giving the release signal.

It was not to be. They capitulated and I am sure that a very big factor in that capitulation was the knowledge they certainly possessed of our gas preparations. What we were doing here was known by the German Government. They knew that when this plant got into full blast their last hope was gone. They knew that if they had been able to make gas in even half the quantity we could produce here they would have swept over all France long ago. If there was any final argument to help them make up their minds it was our gas production.

We closed down the day the armistice was signed. We had more than 2,500 tons waiting on the piers the ready for shipment. Somehow we had been cheated at our prey, but we were content. We felt that the gas had done its work even though most of it still lay idle in our door yard.

Already the Baltimore plant is being dismanted. The machinery is being carefully taken apart, oiled and wrapped and stored away—ready for the next war, should there ever be one. The parts which have come in actual contract with the gas are taken by means of tongs to the fields and buried. The gas itself will perhaps be taken to sea some day and dropped overboard. Being heavier than water it will settle to the bottom, and if the fishes do not like it they can move elsewhere: the sea is wide. There is nothing else to do with the gas. *It has no commercial value and there is* enough of it, if properly liberated to kill every human being on the American continent—on both of them.

Out of the $72,000,000 investment there is one bit of salvage. There is a little fifteen ton consignment of brombenzylcyanide. This is an intense lacrymator, (tear compeller) which has the effect of blinding people but only for six or eight hours. After the temporary blindness the affected recover their normal eyesight. It has been suggested that this brom benzylcyanide might be kept in every police station throughout the country in little cans with spraying nozzles for use against mobs. It might be a sort of permanent insurance against any American eruption of the Bolshiviki; a merciful and almost painless but quite an effectie argument against lawless force.

Also, in the course of the experimental work in the laboratory the chemists there discovered two new gas combinations as yet unknown to any one in Europe or Asia, and more effective than phosgene or mustard gas, were discovered so recently that there was no time to utilize them in this war. They have been stuck back in the safe and locked up for future reference.—New York Times.

Chinese Lanterns.

Particularly gay and attractive are the shops of the lantern venders in the Chinese cities. All varieties of lanterns are to be seen—the large silken ones three and four feet high, gorgeously painted with variegated colors, embroidered in gold and silver or decorated with deep fringe of the same material, costing from $100 to $200 and used by the wealthy mandarins and others; and common small horn and paper lanterns, used by the coolies, which cost one-sixteenth of a dollar. The mode of making horn lanterns is very ingenious; the horns are cut into remarkably thin slices which, by means of heat and pressure, are joined together and formed into various shapes; round, square, hexagon, octagon, and some shaped to resemble an hour glass.

The Piston.

"The piston is in the form of a solid iron rod that enters the cylinder through a hole pierced in the middle of one of the ends," writes Henri Fabre, "and just large enough to give free passage to the rod, without letting the steam escape. This rod is bound to another iron piece, called a crank, and finally the crank is attached to the neighboring wheel. The piston, advancing and retreating in turn in the cylinder, pushes the crank forward and back, and the crank thus makes the great wheel turn. On the other side of the locomotive, the same things are taking place by means of a second cylinder. Then the two great wheels turn at the same time and the locomotive moves forward."

OPPOSED OIL PIPE LINES

Tenants Defeated Proposition Which Had Its Origin in Brain of Heman Jones, Pennsylvanian.

It was an American, Heman Jones of Erie, Pa., who first conceived the idea of the construction of an oil pipe line. It was to be of wood four inches in diameter, but was not executed. A year later, in 1862, a bill was introduced into the legislature authorizing a pipe line from Oil Creek to Kittanning, Pa., (the state in which oil was first discovered), but it got no further, through the opposition of 4,000 teamsters. In fact, for some years the teamsters made impossible the success of the pipe lines. They were doing very well out of the existing methods of transportation, earning $10 to $30 a day, and they viewed with vindictive disfavor the loss of dollars and weekly revelries. Both in 1863 and in 1865 the teamsters wrought havoc on the two pipe lines constructed in those years. Eventually progress gained the day, and many lines were laid, including one 102 miles long in 1880. It was not, however, till John D. Rockefeller and his associates took the matter in hand, eliminating all the old-fashioned methods of production and transportation, that petroleum began to be the power and profit it is today. In 1860 the United States production of petroleum was 21,000,000 gallons. In 1917 it had risen to 13,440,000,000 gallons. Gasoline is still the chief derivative, but fuel oil has a great future.

BELGIANS PROUD OF CITIES

In Their Centers of Industry They See Embodied the Glorious History of the Past.

No man shall say we love our land less than a Frenchman loves France, less than a Belgian loves his native land. We have our holy cities, Winchester and Canterbury, and a hundred more whose old names are dear to speak. Yet I believe, writes "Londoner" in the London Evening News, that the Belgian has a patriotism of the city, of the town, which we never had.

The story of that love for the city *is all the history of Belgium.* The history of the freedom and the wealth and the ancient arts of Belgium is in the history of Antwerp and Bruges, of Brussels and Ghent, and Louvain and Ypres. It begins with the building of the town wall, with the market that grows up behind the shelter of walls and armed gates, with the raising of the tall belfry, the town's pride, and the hanging of the bells.

If you were a tourist who could see the glory of old Flanders and Brabant, you would look not at the cathedral or the church, although Belgium has many noble old churches, but at the town hall and the belfry. The like of them is not in any other country.

First to Teach Deaf Mutes.

The first American institution for the education of the deaf and dumb was founded in Hartford in 1817 by Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, who was born in Philadelphia 131 years ago. He was educated at Yale and at Andover Theological seminary, and it was his intention to enter the ministry. Before leaving Andover, however, he had decided to devote his life to the instruction of deaf mutes, for whom no provision had been made anywhere in America. He remained at the head of the Hartford institution from 1817 until 1830, when ill health forced his retirement. The first *systematic attempt* to instruct the deaf and dumb in Europe was made in 1570 by Pedro de Ponco, a Benedictine monk of Spain. The first British institution of this kind was opened in Edinburgh in 1773.

Influence of Good Books.

When you find a child who loves good books, the noxious weeds of envy, hatred, jealousy and malice are not so likely to grow in his mind and choke out the exquisite blossoms of love, tenderness, unselfishness, gratitude and the desire to do unto others as he would be done by. The love of good books is one foundation for good character, observes a writer in the Oklahoman. It is the exception, not the rule, to encounter sordidness, greed or insensibility in the man or woman who knows and loves good books. Robert Louis Stevenson once said that so long as a man had a friend he had something to live for. Is it not true so long as one can love a good and beautiful book that life never will be without hope?

California Burglars' Original Methods.

Burglars attempted to open the safe of the Western Mechanical company. Failing to dislodge the safe doors after burning off the hinges, they *broke into the company's garage, took* out a truck, hoisted the safe through a skylight with the company's tackle, hauled it to a canyon and rifled it of $1,500 cash and Liberty bonds.—Los Angeles Times.

The Right Man.

"They say Miss Highstrung is going to marry an army officer."

"Well, I should think that a man who makes a business of war might be able to get along with her."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Used Constantly.

Yeast—Don't you think your wife has got a wonderful voice?

Crimsonbeak—Yes. It's wonderful t hasn't given out before this.—Yonkers Statesman.

USE OF PHONETIC SPELLING

Reasons Advanced Why It Would Be Well if Its Study Should Be Made More General.

Phonetics in its broadest sense is a study of the whole range of sounds, articulate, musical and otherwise. In its restricted sense it is confined to articulate sounds of human speech. Even in this restricted sense it is still broad enough to include the subject of the acoustic or mechanical side and the anthropological or philological side. It may discuss simply the speech vibrations that cause any particular sensations on the human ears, or it may include an investigation of the manner and causes of the changes the articulate sounds of a language undergo as it develops. The study of phonetics is widely advocated by philologists and by many of the most thoughtful teachers for three reasons: (1) That persons may speak their mother tongue correctly through thus learning to know the proper valuation of its sounds; (2) that they may learn successfully the pronunciation of other languages, to which a knowledge of their own is the best introduction; (3) that those who wish to study philology may have a key to that science. And the sounds of our language cannot be successfully studied or explained without some use of phonetic spelling. Hundreds of phonetic alphabets have been proposed but the only one that has made progress and bids fair to become general (naturally with some modifications) is that of the Association Internationale Phonetique. This alphabet took form between 1885 and 1889 in proposals made by Paul Edouard Passy, a noted French phonetician.

AUTO HAD LOST ITS SOUL

Mysterious Happening With Which, of Course, the Owner Could Have Had Nothing to Do.

This road burner was betting on a sure thing. "If my car will make 55 miles an hour," said an indignant owner of a flivver, who was haled into court for fracturing the speed law, "I'll make this policeman a present of it." And the magistrate took the speeder at his word by ordering the cop to take a joy ride. "But bear in mind," were the parting words of the magistrate, "that if your automobile is capable of that speed you automatically admit that the officer is right about the speed you were making, and you will not only lose your car, but will pay a $25 fine besides." "You're on, judge," said the automobilist, at which the court pounded the gavel. But the cop didn't win the auto. Half an hour later he was back with his prisoner. "Your honor," said the policeman, "that car, in its present condition, wouldn't go a mile in a month. We went over to the garage to get it and it puffed, sneezed, whistled and went one block under protest. Mechanically, about everything is missing but the windshield. Somebody must have kicked the soul out of it since I saw it. The car has been tampered with and there is no mistake about it." The owner of the flivver was fined $25 and made a brief speech, in which he allowed that justice had fled from the earth.

Shooting Into Space.

The question of whether it would ever be possible to shoot a projectile into space, that is to say entirely off the earth, has long been the subject of discussion. In a detailed scientific paper on the German long-ranged gun which bombarded Paris last spring, Major J. Maitland-Addison, writing in the Journal of the Royal Artillery, says the requisite velocity of such a gun is not so very much higher than what has already been achieved; viz., a muzzle velocity of a mile per second. When we are able to increase this to five miles per second, the projectile, if fired at a suitable angle, will travel around the earth as a grazing satellite, completing its orbit between 17 and 18 *times daily. With a velocity of about* seven miles a second, it will move off into space, never to return.

Hidden Beauties.

The hidden beauties of standard authors break upon the mind by surprise. It is like discovering the hidden spring in an old jewel. You take up the book in an idle moment, as you may have done a thousand times before, perhaps wondering as you turn over the leaves what the world finds in it to admire; when suddenly as you read your fingers press closely upon the covers, your frame thrills, and the passage you have lighted on chains you like a spell. It is so vividly true and beautiful. Milton's "Comus" flashed upon me in this way.—N. P. Willis.

Its Effect.

"There is one thing about the air of society."

"What is that?"

"It has a tendency to make a green man turn red."

The Final Wind-up Sale

Still on in Full Force.

DON'T MISS IT.

Max Schoolar's Old Stand,

MORRIS COHEN & P. W. WEINSTEIN,

Smethport, Pa.